MAYFAIR

Vol. 22 No.6

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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LEONIE

the sexy secretary from TV's

RUDE HEALTH

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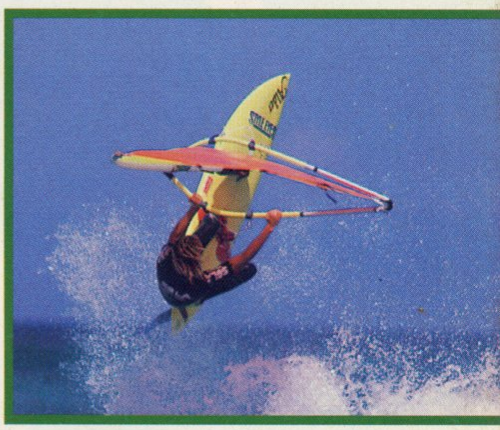

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Twenty-one-year-old Diane Wallace's home town may promise a 'Peterborough Effect' to firms relocating to its area, but the liss ome switchboard girl's 34-24-35 figure has an effect all of its own **28**

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistant **Sarah Buck** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

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Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

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- Diane Wallace | thread
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    1. post
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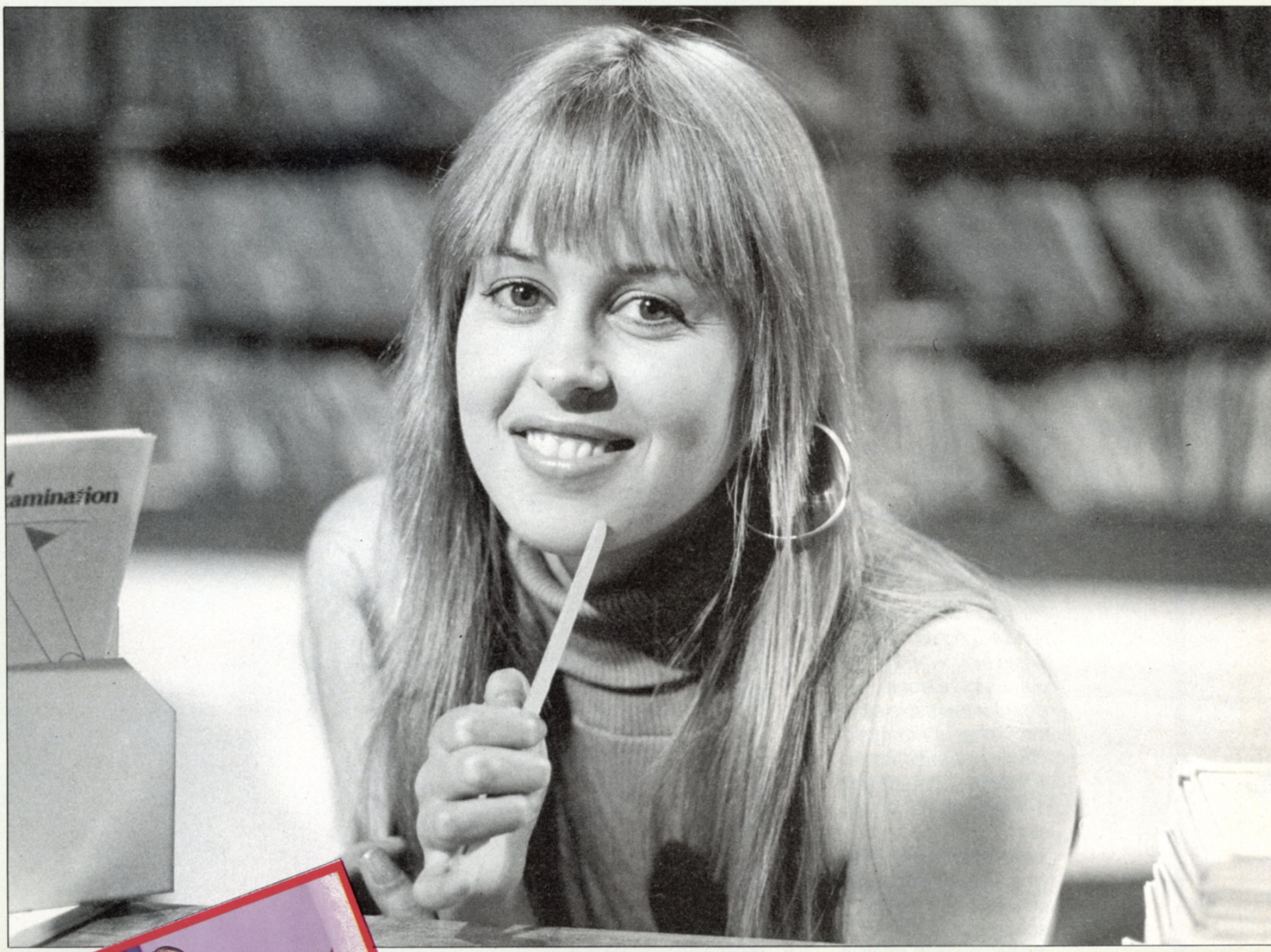
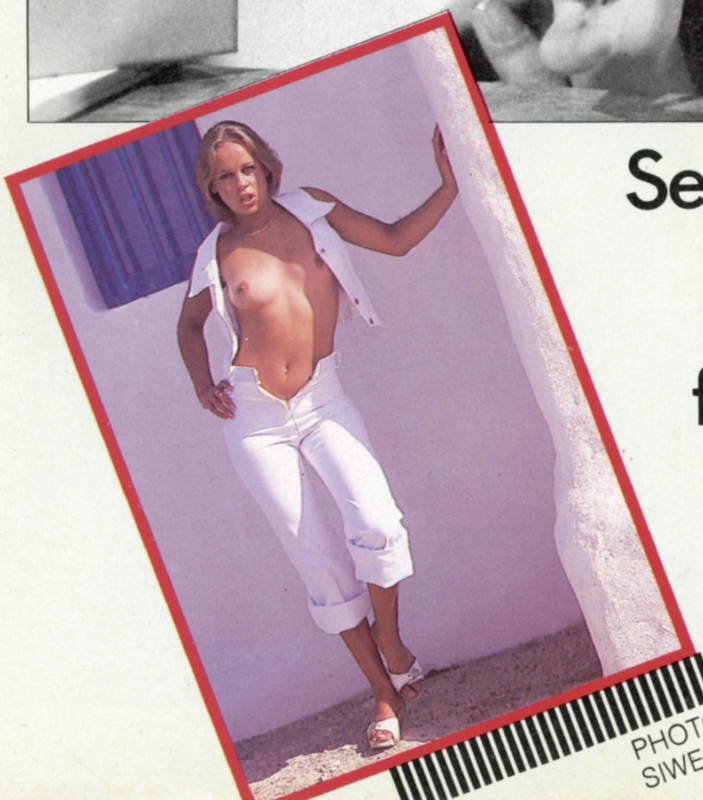
Susie Ann Watkins

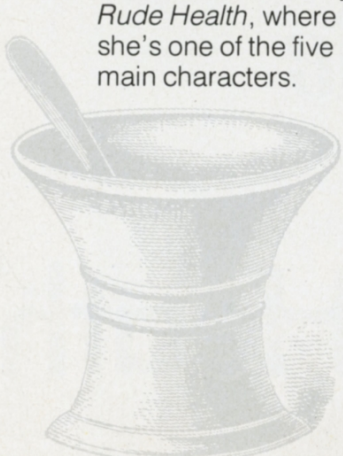




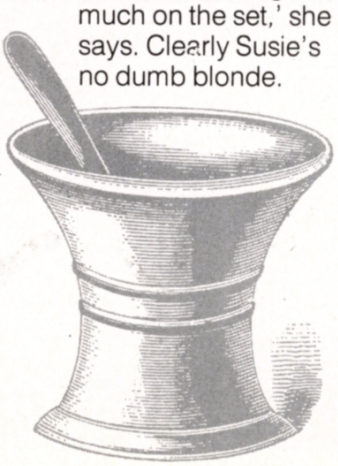
Sexy Secretary Leonie from TV's 'Rude Heath'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

TV comedy shows love to feature saucy secretaries, (it's good for the ratings) and *Rude Health* on Channel Four is no exception. But Susie Ann Watkins, who plays sexy Leonie in this popular series, is saucier than most of her rivals. That's because Susie started her career as a model and, as can be seen from these pictures taken some years ago, was a highly successful one. But nowadays acting has replaced modelling with roles in *Prospects*, the Comic Strip film *More Bad News* and the weekly *Rude Health*, where she's one of the five main characters.



Susie was brought up in Gravesend in Kent, and offered her first modelling work, for her local paper, at 17. So she left her job at the electricity board for a career that was to last eight years, including appearances on Page Three. Now at 26, her chirpy Cockney character is proving popular with producers — thought not all of them. 'I'm always in trouble for talking too much on the set,' she says. Clearly Susie's no dumb blonde.



DIANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Anyone who watches TV will have seen those ads for the Peterborough effect. But 21-year-old Diane Wallace's 36-24-35 figure is one of the town's sexier attractions not mentioned in the commercial. Brought up in the nearby village of Market Deeping, Diane now shares a flat in town where she is switchboard operator for one of the large companies which has relocated there. 'I love this area, and don't intend leaving.'

Diane had never considered modelling, but some friends suggested the idea as so many people have mentioned her resemblance to top model Samantha Fox. 'I'm not quite as well-endowed as Sam,' she said, 'But I suppose I have a similar look about me. It is often pointed out to me, and one guy at a club refused to believe I wasn't Sam Fox. I even gave him her autograph just to get rid of him, and he was quite happy.'

Diane's favourite nightspot is *Shanghai Sam's* club in Peterborough where you can be guaranteed to find her at least three nights a week. 'It's just as well I enjoy dancing as I have a passion for Chinese food,' she said. 'So if I didn't burn it all off at *Sam's* and play badminton I might get a bit tubby.' And what about men? 'I'm still kissing frogs trying to find my prince.'

Being swept off her feet by a dashing, dark-eyed sheik on an even more dashing Arabian steed is the summit of 34-24-34 inch Briony Walton's romantic ambitions. All the more reason, then, for picturing this Manchester-born 20-year-old in exotic Tunisia.

Briony

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN
PATRICK
BURGESS

'I dream of some sheik sweeping me away'

'But I'm really very down to earth with men'

'We saw some dunes, and plenty of locals, but none of them were really up to Omar Sharif,' laughs Briony. 'It's just as well I'm very down to earth when it comes to real-life boyfriends.' So down to earth, in fact, she went pot holing in the Peaks with one fellow.

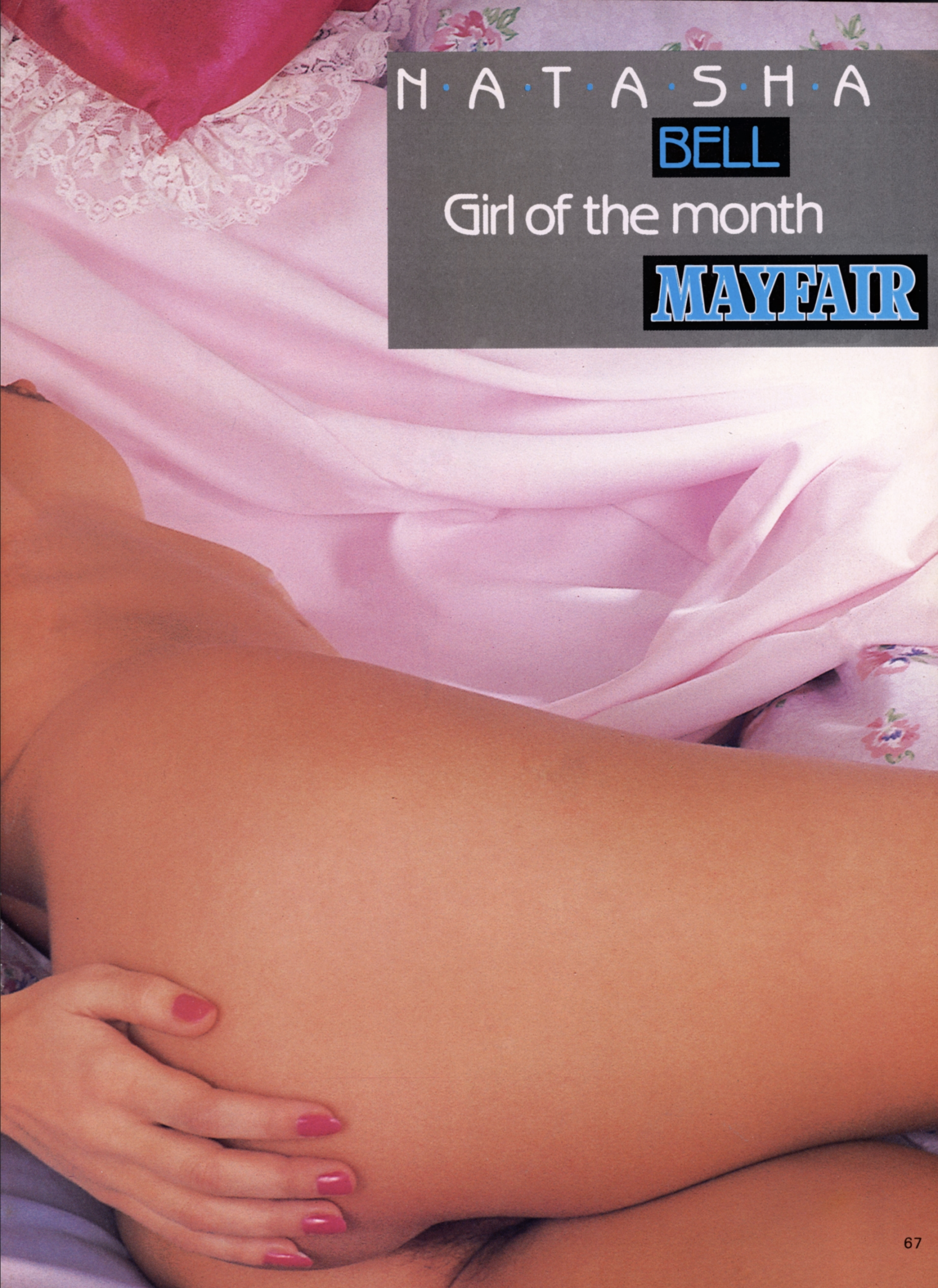
'Unless someone is especially dashing...'

'I've never been so scared in my entire life,' she recalls, 'but I was very smitten at the time.' Now fully recovered, and working as a demonstrator in the East Midlands, Briony confines high romance to novels. 'But someone *really* dashing might change my mind!'

N·A·T·A·S·H·A

All creatures great and small fall in love with Natasha Bell. That's because Natasha used to work in Warwick as a vet's assistant where she developed a winning way with animals, as well as their owners. Even now Natasha lives in London, she still loves all things furry, and admits to pining for her first true love — horses.

Twenty-year-old Natasha was born and brought up in the village of Holderness, near Hull, then moved to Warwick with her family. With her latest home in Ealing has come a new range of interests. She's swopped riding for trips to the theatre to see the RSC or catching Woody Allen's latest at the cinema. She also likes reading poetry — Byron and Shelley particularly.


N·A·T·A·S·H·A
BELL
Girl of the month
MAYFAIR

But her 34-23-34 figure keeps her so much in demand, she's often happy just flopping into an armchair. As well as modelling, she does a good deal of promotion work, and recently had a chance to meet her current male favourite, children's TV star Phillip Schofield. But she ran away. 'I was dressed as a rag doll at the time, and too embarrassed.'

N·A·T·A·S·H·A
BELL
Girl of the month
MAYFAIR

KELLY JO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN CAPENHURST

Starbird Kelly-Jo (real name: Tracey Farren) has a nasty surprise waiting should anyone creep into her bedroom uninvited. She shares it with her seven foot six inch python, Cleopatra. Cleo guards the 22-year-old from Coventry jealously, but let her go just long enough for her to pose for us.

Kelly-Jo's snake-slim 34-24-35 figure is the result of badminton at her local sports centre. Her make up thanks in part to being a qualified beautician. But make the most of what you see here. Kelly-Jo has now decided to hide away from the bright lights of modelling. Or did jealous Cleo put the squeeze on her?

Gillian

Although Gillian has put her claws away along with her short hockey skirt, the wild cat in her still occasionally surfaces. 'When I'm in my slippery black satin evening dress and after a dishy guy at the club, I'm a tiger,' she snarls.

But at work on the word processor in the engineering firm where she spends the day, it's a different matter. 'I'm docile and friendly, good with strangers. But I do like to be stroked now and again.' However beware, for at night the panther may stalk again.

'At school they used to call me the Black Panther,' purrs 23-year-old Gillian Webb, 'but really I'm just a big pussy cat.' As if to prove it, her 36-24-36 feline form curls up in a giant armchair. Even surrounded by the collection of wild animal ornaments in her Wolverhampton flat, it's hard to imagine this slinky brown creature could bite and scratch. 'That's because you've never seen me on the hockey field,' she grins. 'Put a stick in my hand and I'm really aggressive.'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ROY BREWINGTON

Jennifer

If you see 21-year-old Jennifer Young walking through the streets of Manchester, go up to her and pat her bottom. No, it's not our idea but hers, in fact she insists. 'You see, I've been dieting for the last six weeks, and I've just lost 12lbs, mainly from my backside. I'm rather proud of it now,' insists Jennifer. So as a reward for keeping off the chocolates, she would like a big hand, but a gentle one, right on the 34 part of her 36-24-34 figure.

Prior to her diet, Jennifer was a little ashamed of her bot. 'I'm a keen crown green bowls player,' she told us, 'and every time I bent down to fire my woods some wise guy would make a remark about this being a really "tough end" pointing to my bum.' Isn't bowls a game for old age pensioners? 'That's what all you southerners think,' said Jennifer with a hint of irritation. 'If you saw some of the dishy guys who play it up here, you wouldn't say that, and some of us girls aren't bad either.' Certainly not.

By day, Jennifer works for a company selling photocopiers and fax machines. 'I'm always going to offices to demonstrate them, which reminds me of another reason why I chose to start slimming,' she said. 'I was kneeling down in my best grey business suit plugging one in when I heard a ripping noise from the back of my trousers. Everyone giggled as my pale blue panties peeped through. It could have been worse though — they could've seen all *my* reproduction equipment.'

NINA

Copenhagen is famous for its statue of the Little Mermaid. But if you visit the city, watch out for a much sexier sight — Nina Larssen's superb 38-25-37 figure. Nina, 19, is an office messenger for a telephone company, and models in her spare time. Although she has not yet been to our country, Nina fortunately speaks excellent English.

A commando recalls

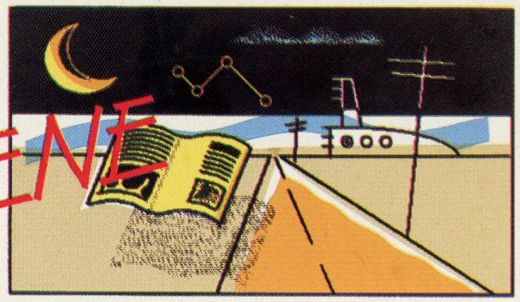
Our recent article on the exploits of six commandoes who infiltrated Singapore harbour in September 1943 in canoes and succeeded in blowing up 40,000 tons of enemy shipping brought a fascinating response from the last British survivor of the mixed British and Australian commando team. Major Ronald Morris was a 24-year-old Royal Army Medical Corps corporal when he was a crew member on the *Krait*, the ramshackle ex-Japanese fishing boat which the team used to negotiate 500 miles of Japanese-held waters. All of the 14 crew were trained to make the actual raid, though only six were chosen.

'It was rather nail-biting,' Major Morris told us. 'At least the men in the canoes had something to do. We spent our time avoiding Japanese patrols.'

Luckily all survived. But a follow-up operation, also organised by Major Ivan Lyon, met with disaster. Attempting to infiltrate the Singapore area in a junk, a second British/Australian team were spotted by the Japanese. In the running battle that followed all 25 were either killed, or captured, only to be executed later. Able Seaman Falls and Lieutenant Page — who had manned canoes on the first raid — both captured by the Japs, then ceremonially beheaded. Fortunately for Major Morris he had been posted homeward to rest.

'We were flying a Japanese flag and we had no identification,' he recalls, 'so we all knew the risks we were taking.'

Now retired, he has become well known in Australia where the raid is one of the most famous Second World War episodes.



Wild about London

Back in the early days of crime detection jobs were not so well defined as they are today. Jonathan Wild, for example, the self-styled 'Thief-taker General' of eighteenth century London, combined the roles of Metropolitan Police commissioner and the historical equivalent of the Kray brothers. Wild had London's underworld so well organised that if a thief did not agree to share the proceeds of his crimes he was in grave danger of being 'impeached' ie prosecuted. Wild also himself set up gangs, stealing items which he would then offer to return to the victims at ten guineas a throw. But even such a well-oiled system could not run indefinitely. Wild was eventually impeached himself, found guilty and a 'Dead warrant' — the contemporary term for a death warrant — was issued, providing a one-way ticket to Tyburn. You can read Gerald Rawling's account of this larger-than-life rogue on page 24.

Surf far, so good

Fancy beating the crowd to a new, unspoilt, European sun spots?

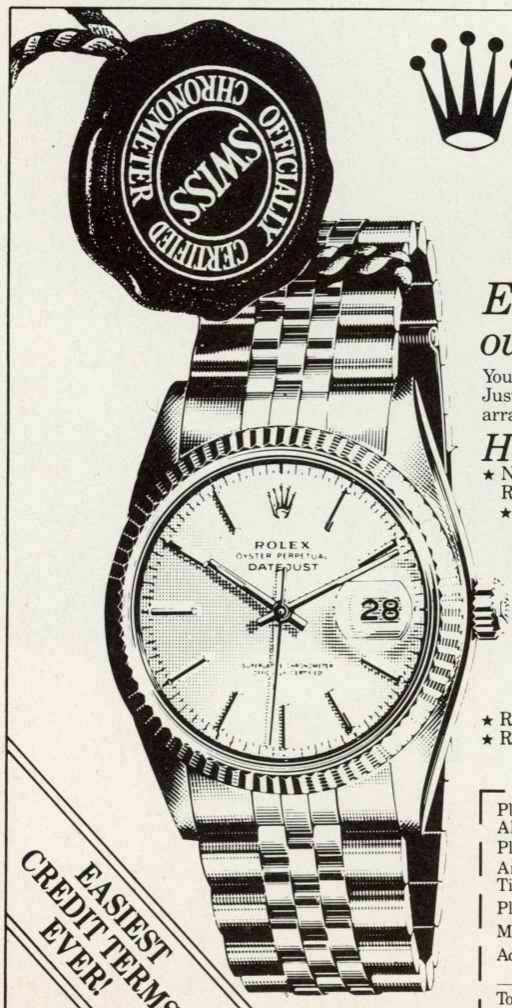
Max Earey's stunning photographs of windsurfers wave jumping, which you can admire on page 40, feature the equally spectacular beaches of the island of Fuerteventura. The second largest of the Canary group, it's also the warmest and driest with average temperatures of between 75 and 80 degrees throughout the year.

It also possesses spectacular wind surfing conditions, with the Saharan winds whipping up the big Atlantic rollers as they strike lava reefs below the surface.

The island's unique position ensures that optimum surfing conditions can be found on at least one coast nearly every day of the year. Experienced windsurfers discovered it two or three years ago and world class competitions are now staged there.

The main town of Corralejo is friendly and relaxed, and apartments with shared facilities can be hired for as little as £5 per night, though villas with swimming pools will cost up to £250 per week. As yet, there are only two large hotels, both beachside and situated some three miles out of town.

You can fly direct to Fuerteventura, or take advantage of the cut price flights to Teneriffe, and then board a small, twin-engined island hopper for a 45 minute flight onward. But hurry, latest reports say the Germans are already building apartments furiously.



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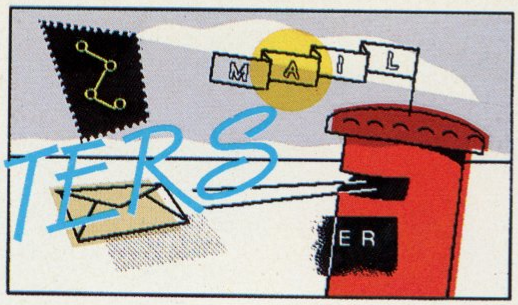
Although she stands just five foot two, Nina's favourite pastime is the tough sport of ice hockey. 'I am the shortest girl on the team, but I make up for that with speed,' she said. She also keeps that full figure in condition by body-building, swimming and playing in a ladies football team. On top of all that, Nina is a keen nightclubber.



LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Toni's disclosures

May I congratulate you on another superb magazine in Vol 22 No 4. Not only was the curvaceous Debee Ashby a delight to see, but the other models were absolutely stunning as well, especially the centrefold Toni Malone, the girl who signed the Official Secrets Act. May I say thanks to her for making no secret of her beautiful 36-28-34 inch body. The three-quarter-length photograph of her page 65, showing her dressed only in stockings, suspenders and lace-up basque with her full and superbly rounded breasts spilling over the top, was the most erotic I've seen in *Mayfair* in a long time. Pat Gilchrist, too, was a sensation — perfect breasts and a superb pubic mound. At 26 she is just the kind of more mature woman your magazine lacks. Could we see more in her age group, and above?
CM, Notts

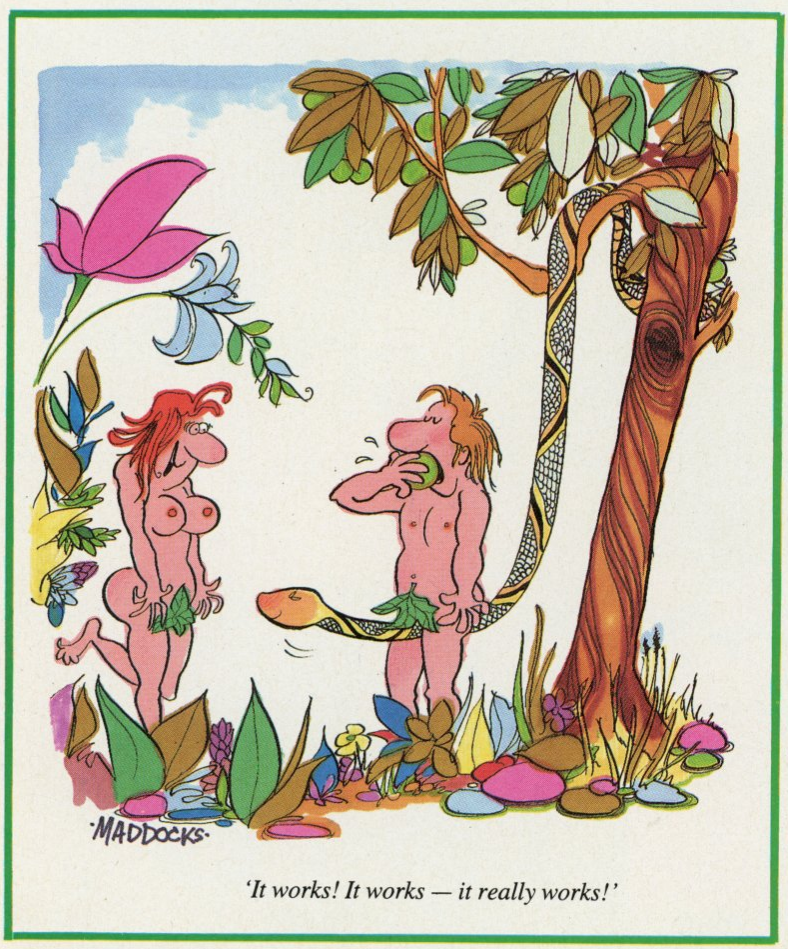
Long distance Debee

You have once again excelled yourselves by coming up with the country's most gorgeous girl. I refer, of course, to Vol 22 No 4 featuring Debee Ashby, a girl who's guaranteed to give any man a hard-on at 100 yards. Nice to see Debee, an ex-Coventry girl, back in front of the camera. I once had the pleasure of meeting her at Olympia in London in 1983.
RM, Coventry

More tease please

Yet another plea to show girls fully dressed in your superb magazine! Picture the blonde, long-legged secretary in a straight, grey, above the knee skirt with tan stockings and black, high-heeled shoes. Top this out with a fully filled white blouse, and the excitement begins. The low angled camera catches her sitting with crossed legs, inadvertently showing a glimpse of thigh above her stocking tops. Stooping to retrieve fallen papers, she reveals white panties above tight suspender straps. As she reaches over her desk, her pert bottom, clad in stretched nylon, is exposed beneath her raised skirt . . .
Following these non-exaggerated poses, the progressively undraped body would become increasingly attractive. Give it a try and watch your circulation grow!
JP, Leicester

Thanks for the advice — the idea certainly seems to have increased your circulation.



'It works! It works — it really works!'

Lauding Lynda

Being a student, and a busy one at that, I do not always have the funds to buy magazines. Nevertheless when I do, I always buy *Mayfair*. I consider it the most attractive, colourful and well-presented men's magazine around.
I have just bought Vol 22 No 4 and I could not help but notice the beauty of Lynda Spencer. She is, in my eyes, the perfect woman. Her silky smooth skin, together with that lovely face of hers, certainly turns me on. I must admit to being a bum and leg (no — not tit!) man. I usually go for attractive blondes, but when I see a brunette as sexy and stunning as Lynda I just have to give them 11 out of 10. I can tell you something — it wouldn't be the dentist making me nervous if I was in the surgery where Lynda's the assistant!
MGE, Hertfordshire

Table top terpsichore

As an avid Canadian fan of your magazine, I'd like to tell you about a great Canadian speciality — table dancing. In bars and clubs across the country, especially in Montreal, Toronto and Windsor, you can have a sexy girl dance completely nude right at your table. You select a girl, she carts over a small box or platform, sets it down at your chair and writhes erotically just inches from your face.
These girls come mainly from Quebec, French-Canadian and completely uninhibited. They strip, caress their bodies, strike seductive poses and even simulate various sexual acts. Most are beautiful enough to star in your magazine, and it makes my blood start pumping to have them dancing in nothing but high heels right between your legs. The elevated position puts their fannies right in front of your face and leaves nothing to the imagination. In fact, one girl was arrested when a policeman said he could see no air space at all between her buttocks and her customer's nose! Over here we call it 'putting the fox on the box.'
The fame of our dancers has spread to the USA so that many Americans come north just to catch the action. Most of the clubs feature two stages where the girls strip for those not wanting to pay for a table dance. On a busy night it's an amazing sight to see two girls on the main tables, while a dozen or more table dancers around the room tower over the upturned faces of their appreciative customers. My single complaint is that only a minority of the girls wear the sexy stockings and lingerie so many of your best models feature. But with both *Mayfair* and table dancing I feel that we in Canada have the best of both worlds.
TA, Ontario

Pedal power

As a long established and loyal reader of your magazine, may I congratulate you on the enduring quality of your publication. It stands head and shoulders (to name but two areas of anatomy) above its rivals.
However, may I also be allowed a small quibble? The scarcity of shots showing your models' bare feet. You cater admirably for readers whose partiality is towards stockings, boots, high heels, suspenders and even football socks, but only rarely do you feature poses that favourably expose the naked female foot.
While not wishing to imply that a girl's pedal extremity is the most erotic part of her anatomy, it is a fact that a great many men find the sight of a pretty girl's naked feet as

turn to page 14

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Linda Lusardi was in Vol 19 No 2. You missed her? Then buy a back number. Order individually from the list below or why not get our fantastic five-pack — Vol 19 Nos 2, 5, 6, 9 and 10 for only £3.75. But be quick!

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LETTERS

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much a turn-on as lingerie, stockings, suspenders and wet tee-shirts etc.

Could we not have at least one shot of each of your delectable models with prettily posed bare feet to complement the rest of her unclothed body? After all, your girls don't mind baring their bodies for our delectation, surely they wouldn't mind baring their soles as well!

ER, Bristol

Video debut

The letter from Miss GB of Orpington in Vol 22 No 4, in which she describes the antics of herself and her friend in a department store fitting cubicle prompted me to write to you and tell of the experiences of my girlfriend, Philippa.

She is 22 years old, with a fine 34-24-34 figure, and a bit of a poseur whenever she gets the chance. She has always fancied one go as a glamour model, for a laugh, but doubts if she would have the bottle to do a full *Mayfair* picture set.

Prior to a recent holiday we took together, Philippa decided she needed some new swimwear, so during her lunch break she went to a large department store in our neighbourhood.

She chose several items from the displays and entered a fitting cubicle, drawing the curtain behind her. Since she was trying on swimwear she had to strip off completely, and Philippa told me she took the opportunity to do a bit of posing, in front of the cubicle's full-length mirror, both in and out of the various costumes and bikinis. One item in particular took her fancy — a skimpy 'minikini' and she placed it on one side while continuing to try several other garments.

She lost track of time, and suddenly realised she had to get back to the office. She quickly got dressed again and returned all the garments to their displays — or so she thought.

No sooner had she left the store than she was stopped by a lady store detective. Philippa had forgotten about the 'minikini' which she had placed to one side earlier. Now it was lying in her holdall. Protesting her innocence she was escorted back to the store where an even bigger shock awaited her. In the security room she was shown a video recording of her time in the fitting cubicle, lasting about half an hour. Needless to say, it showed a great deal more than how the 'minikini' came to end up in her holdall, and featured Philippa stripping off and posing in her birthday suit.

It seems that after a spate of thefts a video security camera had been secretly installed, so that without knowing it, and consequently showing no inhibitions at all, Philippa had made her nude video debut.

Thankfully the store accepted that she had made a genuine mistake, and she can now see the funny side of it. She even offered to buy the video, or a copy, but they declined, saying it was company policy to erase all recordings not needed as evidence. Philippa is somewhat sceptical at this, despite assurances from the store that only security staff of the same sex would ever see it. She feels that her little exhibition may now be entertaining others.

I seem to remember a few years ago that one of your photographers persuaded a girl to pose for *Mayfair* after she had been spotted in a changing booth. I can't ever recall you actually featuring a fitting cubicle as the 'theme' of a photo-set, but I believe this would be well received, especially if the girl(s) stripping inside were Lynette Gordon and/or Davina Hill.

KM, Lancashire

Secret sensuality

Appearances can sometimes be very deceptive, especially when it comes to sex, but nothing prepared me for something I witnessed when I went to stay with my boyfriend and his parents last Christmas.

Although my boyfriend and I sleep with each other regularly, his mother insisted that we observe the proprieties, and we each had separate rooms. She is a marvellous-looking woman — in her late thirties, I would say — but rather stiff, and, I feel, sometimes disapproving of me. I must admit I'm a little in awe of her.

On the third night I couldn't sleep so I waited until I thought everyone was asleep, and I slipped out of my room.

I had just reached his parent's room along the dark landing when I heard a noise and saw that their door was ajar and there was a light

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LETTERS

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on inside. Being naturally nosey, I peeped in.

To my surprise I saw John's mother standing next to the bed, and in the process of undressing. Her hair, which she always wore in a bun, now hung down luxuriously to her shoulders, and softened her face considerably. As I watched, she slipped out of her bra and rather old-fashioned knickers, and stood there nude. She had large ivory breasts which hung pendulously, but which were still surprisingly full and shapely for a woman her age. Her stomach was rounded, but not gross, and between her thighs she sported the hairest bush I'd ever seen. She then climbed onto the bed, and lay down on her back, letting her legs fall open. I could just see her rather puffy labia peeping through the curly forest.

I'd hardly taken all this in when her husband suddenly walked into view, not wearing a stitch either. He is in his forties, and I've always thought he was very well preserved, but my attention was instantly focussed on his huge, erect cock, which was sticking out before him like a battering ram. I've only ever had three lovers, so I'm not that experienced, but I'm sure his penis was out of the ordinary. It looked at least half as long again as my hand, and was very thick with a large round head. He went straight to John's mother, who immediately sat up, leaned over and took his shaft in her hand, stroking it and kissing it with obvious enjoyment. I watched in total astonishment. I couldn't believe this was really the rather straight lady who had terrified me. I looked on as her husband's cock slid between her lips, and she sucked at least three or four inches into her mouth with great, sloppy gulps.

By now this was having quite a powerful effect on me, and I have to admit my hand had strayed under my dressing gown and was gently stroking my clitty.

Things were obviously getting too much for John's father too, because he moved his wife back and, spreading her knees apart with his, rolled on top of her. I watched in awe as the full length of his rigid weapon slid up to the hilt into her fanny. I could see her thick thatch mingling with his as he hooked her legs around the small of his back, and then begin to jerk her body up and down against his thrusts. She was gasping and sobbing as her husband's muscular buttocks rose and fell, until in a frenzy of sound and movement she came off, meanwhile urging him to do the same. He did, and I saw their mouths meet in a kiss as he poured his seed into her.

Hot and very excited, I crept away and within minutes I was being fucked as well. I had my eyes closed and I fantasised it was John's father fucking me. I came in no time.

Next morning, when I went down to breakfast, I looked for signs of that wild, abandoned woman I has spied on. But John's mother was her usual self, and you wouldn't have thought butter would have melted in her mouth. It shows you that even the most stern-looking woman can be a sensual animal in the privacy of the bedroom.

KN, Dorset

Lilac-coloured lust

As a keen reader of your Letters pages I would like to contribute a small episode from my own life, pertaining to female prick teasers. I shall call the girl in question Jill. She is five feet nine inches tall, blonde, slim about 25. Though her breasts are small they are a nice shape, and she has gorgeous full lips, good legs and a beautifully rounded bottom.

She is my wife's best friend, and I was always sure she knew I fancied her. When her husband worked night shifts, she would often come out with my wife and I to bars and dance clubs. She always managed to haul me up to dance for the slow numbers, and then proceed to grind her pussy into my crotch. This would result in giving me a raging hard-on, which could have been an embarrassment had the lights not been low on these occasions.

Whenever Jill came to visit our home wearing a skirt, she would position herself opposite me and make sure I got an eyeful of her pantied crotch.

On one occasion my wife, Jill and some other friends were preparing for a wedding and making bridesmaid dresses for themselves in our basement. I leaned over the basement stairs and called my wife, and one of the women shouted back that she had just gone out for some more material. It was then I glimpsed someone reflected in the mirror tiles on the stairway well. It was Jill, standing in the first room at the bottom of the stairs. She immediately started taking off a pink gown she had been working on, and as I stared, she lowered the top and exposed her pert, bra-less breasts. There was no way she could not have heard me on the stairs, and the mirror must have given just as clear a view of me, but she made no effort to cover herself up.

Instead she continued lowering the dress and stepping out of it, exposing a short white slip, which she went on to remove. Underneath she had on a pair of lilac-coloured panties.

By now I had a hard-on, but the show was not yet over. Turning back, Jill began inching down her pants, bringing an extremely hairy bush into view. There was no reason for her stripping completely that I could see, apart from a deliberate prick tease, but it certainly had its effect as I was already stroking myself.

I was sure that was the sexiest I would ever see her, but the next week proved me wrong. Jill was visiting again, and I was just about to go out for a while when my wife asked me to call in at Jill's house to pick up some cigarettes she'd left behind and also to turn off her dishwasher which she'd left on. Jill gave me her key and I strolled over to her house, which is on the next block.

I found the cigarettes and turned off the dishwasher, then I popped upstairs quickly to use the bathroom. When I closed the door, I noticed one off Jill's bras and a baby doll nightie hanging on the back of the door. After I'd finished and was washing my hands, I couldn't keep my mind of Jill's bra, and the more I thought about it the hornier I got. I knew her husband would be out at work for a while, so I went down the landing to Jill's bedroom and found her underwear drawer. I began looking through her panties and suddenly noticed the lilac-coloured pair she had pulled off in front of me in the basement. The discovery instantly brought me to full erection.

Now I couldn't help myself. Taking the panties I went back to the bathroom, pulled out my cock, and began stroking myself. The smooth silky fabric felt fabulous against my shaft, and I was on the verge of exploding when a voice behind me said, 'When do I get some of that?'

Jill stood in the doorway. I was so shocked I couldn't speak. But instead of being outraged, Jill simply stepped into the bathroom, gave me a faint smile and took the

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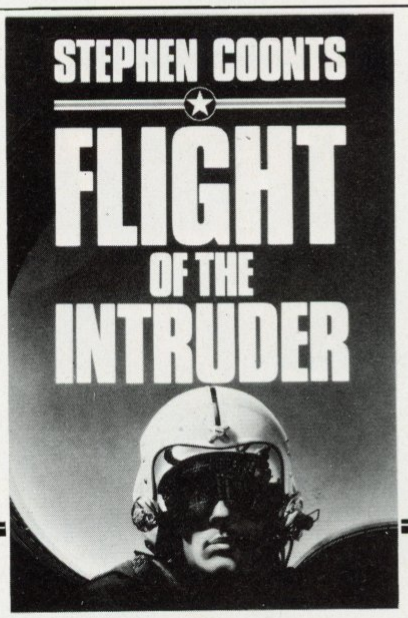

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Thief-taker Wild: London's King of Crime

The Dead Warrants came down on Wednesday, May 19, 1725. Of the five men condemned to death by the Recorder, Sir William Thomson, and now languishing in London's Newgate Prison, only one had been reprieved for the lesser sentence of transportation to the American Colonies. He was a footpad named John Plant. The others — Robert Harpham (a counterfeit coiner), William Sperry and Robert Standford (two highwaymen), and the last man, one, Jonathan Wild, were all to be hanged at Tyburn. In an age that prided itself on the harshness of its judicial punishments, the sentences were no more than the convicted men expected. But for the last they held a particularly savage irony. For Jonathan Wild was no common criminal. Until very recently he had been a public hero —

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quotes the Marshal thus: 'But I must first tell you (the *Buckle Maker* — meaning Wild) that you'll spoil the Trade of Thief-Taking, in Advancing greater Rewards than are necessary: I give but Half-a-Crown a Book; and when the Thieves and Pickpockets see you and I Confederate, they'll submit to our Terms and likewise continue their thefts for fear of coming to the Gallows by our Means.'

But Jonathan Wild had the makings of a Thief-Taker General, as he would soon call himself, and had far more guile, more craftiness, and a more up-market approach to his clients, whether thieves or victims, than his preceptor, who was crude, ignorant, ill-mannered and totally lacking in finesse, whether in dealing with thieves, whom he antagonised, or the gentry who despised him as some kind of middleman lackey. Wild, by contrast, called together a meeting of all the Prigs (Thieves) that he knew and, by now, he knew a great many, and demonstrated his philosophy in the following unequivocal terms. This from *Select Trials at the Old Bailey (1735):*

'You know, my Bloods, *(quoth he)* that as *Trade* goes at present, you stand but a *queer* Chance; for when you have *made* (taken) anything, if you carry it to the *Fencing-Culls* and *Flash Pawnbrokers,* these unconscionable Dealers in *contraband* Goods wil hardly *tip* ye a quarter of what it is worth; and if ye offer it to a Stranger, it's ten to one but you are *hobbled* (arrested). So

there's no such Thing as Man's living by his Labour; for if he don't like to be half-starved, he must run the Hazard of being *scragg'd* (hanged) — which, let me tell ye, is a damned hard Case! Now, if you'll take my Advice, I'll put ye in a Way to remedy all this. When you hav been upon any *Lay* and *spoke* to some Purpose (stolen something worthwhile), let me know all the Particulars; and I'll engage to *pay-back* the goods to the Cull that owns them, and raise ye more *Cole* (cash) upon that Account than you can expect from the rascally *Fencers.* And at the same Time take Care that you shall all be *Bowmen* (successful thieves).'

With the victims he was equally adept. Cannily, he never actually handled stolen goods, since 'receiving' had now become a capital crime. Instead he advertised from his 'Lost Property Office' in the Old Bailey — and what could sound more respectable than the establishment of 'Jonathan Wild in the Old Bailey'? Here is a typical example published in the *Daily Post* of November 2, 1724:

'Lost, the 1st. October, a black shagreen Pocket-Book, edged with Silver, with some Notes of Hand. The said book was lost in the Strand, near the Fountain Tavern, about 7 or 8 o'clock at Night. If any Person will bring the aforesaid Book to Mr. Jonathan Wild, in the Old Bailey, he shall have a Guinea Reward.'

Clearly, this advertisement was not aimed at any thief, Wild knowing perfectly well who had picked the pocket, but rather at the victim, who not only wanted his wallet back, but would rather not explain to anyone what he was doing in the area of the Fountain Tavern (in those days a notorious brothel) at eight o'clock in the evening. When actually talking to victim/clients he could have out-Heeped Uriah in his obsequious way, and he seldom let anyone pay him the ten guineas for his trouble, which was sometimes offered. More likely, he would have it handed to one of his accomplices who would return most of it to him later.

A case in point concerned a lady who had lost a pocket-book containing £2,000 in bills. Wild told her to sit and have lunch in *The Baptist's Head* while he made enquiries. He returned to her just as luncheon was being served, and told her to put ten guineas on the table 'just in case'. Wild then told her to look outside, and see if a woman was hanging about. There was one and, in great excitement, the lady dashed back to the table, scooped up the ten guineas and gave them to the woman, plus a guinea tip, and got back her £2,000 worth of bills. It was only when she came to pay for lunch that she found she had lost her purse containing 39 guineas.

Wild was furious — this was a case of one of his Buttock and Files stepping out of line, and pre-empting him in his dealings with the gentry. Minions were sent out to trace the woman (who was, of course, known to him), and later in the day Wild returned the purse, containing not only the 39 guineas stolen, but also the ten guineas reward money, which he had forced the pickpocket to replay.

The lady tried to get Wild to accept ten guineas for all his trouble, but, 'No', says he, 'not ten Farthings. I scorn all Actions of such a Sort as any Man of Quality in the Kingdom. All the Reward I desire, Madam, is that you will acknowledge I have acted like an honest Man, and a Man of Honour.' On simple precepts like this, Wild's integrity among the gentry and his fame as a Thief-Taker was noised abroad among the public at large.

But it was as a Thief-Taker — that is, in actually catching criminals — that he had to produce some results from time to time to bolster his image; and, although much of this was done by using underlings, who could be persuaded or bribed to impeach their comrades (that is, turn King's or Queen's evidence and send their ex-pals to Tyburn Tree) some of it had to be done in straight forward police-type way, pistol in hand, knocking down the door of some hideout at three in the morning, to arrest a burglar or footpad who had outlived his usefulness.

Daniel Defoe wrote a kind of biography of Wild in 1725 (as did Henry Fielding in 1746). Here is Defoe on the subject of Jonathan keeping his end up:

'And some tell us (how true it is I will not affirm) he was obliged to give up every now and then one or two of his Clients to the Gallows, to support his rising Reputation: In which Cases, he never

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'Roses are red, violets are blue . . . the one with sore balls is about to be you!'

London's self-named Thief-Taker General, the man who had tamed the capital's largest and most vicious street gangs, and who had brought at least 87 criminals to justice at the gallows, and a further 30 or so to sentences of transportation or imprisonment. He has been credited with creating an organisation described variously as the beginnings of the CID, the origin of the Bow Street Runners and, perhaps more appropriately, a model for the Capone-style gangster era of Chicago in the 1920's. While there is something to be said for his influence on the early development of police work in Britain, there is much more to be said for his evolvement of techniques in dealing with, and *controlling*, the underworld for his own financial benefit. For one thing should be made clear before examining the life of Jonathan Wild in detail: he was an out and out villain from start to finish.

Jonathan Wild was born somewhere around 1682 in Wolverhampton, the son of a joiner. At the age of 15 he was apprenticed to a buckle-maker, entered the trade, and married at the age of 19 a woman about whom we know very little, except that she bore him a son. Early records on Wild are very vague, but it seems certain that in 1708 he deserted his wife and son, and left to seek his fortune in London. Initially, it seems clear, that he was not very successful, for the first time we hear of him is that he was confined in the Wood Street Compter (a debtor's prison) for owing money, admittedly at a time when you could be imprisoned for 'owing for a farthing candle or a pint of ale.'

In the meantime, it seems that he had taken a mistress, one Mary Milliner (or possibly Molyneux), wife of a Thames waterman and a notorious 'Buttock and File', a picturesque phrase meaning whore/pickpocket. Certainly, either through his incarceration in the Compter or through Milliner, Wild got his first understanding of criminals and the underworld. Released in 1712 under a new Act of Parliament for the 'Relief of Insolvent Debtors', he

immediately settled in with Milliner, running a small brothel in Lewkenor's Lane, Covent Garden, where Nell Gwynne, no less, had started her career some fifty years before.

The Cities of London and Westminster in the early eighteenth Century were positively seething with criminal activity — ninety per cent of it robbery, in one form or another. One authority puts the number of full- or part-time professional thieves at between 10,000 and 12,000. Street lighting was totally inadequate, there was no police force, and such peace officers as existed rarely co-operated with each other, and the majority of them were deeply involved in crime themselves. In these circumstances, a man's home had to be a fortress protected by a small army of servants, and no gentleman ventured forth to dine at his club without a sword and pistol by his side, and probably a couple of armed retainers as well.

Response by the Crown and the Judiciary was to pass even sterner laws bringing ever more offences into the category of capital felonies — 'capital' meaning that conviction was a hanging matter. Thus Grand Larceny, a capital offence, meant stealing one shilling from a person, five shillings from a shop, forty shillings from a house, but smaller sums became Grand Larceny if there was breaking and entering, or 'putting in fear' (like threatening with a weapon) and *all* burglary (larceny from a house within the hours of darkness) was a capital offence.

But the rope was no more a deterrent to crime, then, than it was later when you had to murder someone to go to the gallows. Crime flourished despite the considerable penalties of being caught (or more probably of being impeached, as we shall see).

There are various types of thievery, or 'lays', all of which had their cant or slang names, like the Rattling lay (stealing from coaches), Anglers and Wild Rogues (those using fishing tackle to whip gear off coaches), and Autem Divers (Church pickpockets, one such was Moll King, on whom Defoe partly based his Moll Flanders. She had dummy arms and hands reposing peacefully in her lap while her real fingers were busy elsewhere).

And so, in this predominantly criminal environment, we meet Jonathan Wild starting out on his career. By now he was 30 years old, a shortish man, some 5 feet 6½ inches tall, but stocky, squarish in visage, and with enough muscle to hold his own if attacking from behind, which he usually did when acting in concert with Milliner in the double act known as 'Buttock and Twang'.

Milliner was the Buttock who met men in the street, offering them her favours and, as a contemporary writer puts it: 'So whilst the decoy'd Fool is groping her with his Breeches down, she picks his Fob, or Pocket, of his Watch or Money. And giving a sort of "Hem!" (ie a cough) as a Signal she has succeeded in her Design, then the Fellow with whom she keeps Company, blundering up in the dark, he knocks down the Gallant and carries off the Prize.'

Wild was a capable 'Twang', at least, and, other than that, we know that he had enough education to write (although his spelling was eccentric even by eighteenth century standards), and that in his latter years he could 'soft talk' the gentry with enough presence not to be written off as a servant. He was supposed to be lame from birth, but that may have been malicious gossip when his star was waning — certainly he was lame with gout at the end.

It was late in 1712 when Wild became assistant to Charles Hitchen, the Under City-Marshal or peace officer. Hitchen was 'big and remarkable, a tall Man with a long Peruke and Sword' who strolled around, visiting every tavern, brothel, grog-shop and receiving house between Aldgate Pump and Temple Bar. He wore a tricorn hat, heavily embroidered with gold braid, and he was a rabid homosexual, corrupt right down to his fingertips, meaning that he was on far more intimate terms with criminals than he was with his employers, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City. In fact, his conduct had been so scandalous in recent times that he had been suspended.

It seems probable that Wild came in as Hitchen's assistant at a time when he (Wild) was just starting out as a recoverer of stolen goods. Hitchen, who had been in that trade for many years, splitting profits with the thieves, and then taking substantial rewards from the owners on the return of the stolen watch, pocket book or wallet, told Wild that he was paying out far too much to the thieves.

Their partnership lasted only a year before they fell out with each other, as such villains will. After that, they both published pamphlets, each denigrating the other, and it is interesting to hear Wild on his advice from Hitchen at the outset. He

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Left: a caricature of Jonathan Wild, seen in his office at the Old Bailey. Below: a 'ticket' to his execution.

LETTERS

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panties out of my hand. 'Would you like me to put them on?' she said. I couldn't even nod. Giving me a knowing look, Jill hoisted her dress, pulled her briefs and pantihose down, stepped out of them and into her lilac-coloured panties, which she pulled up tight around her crotch. Still watching me, she moved closer and suddenly went down on her knees, reaching up to take hold of my shaft, which was now semi-erect. Bending her head, she began to flick her tongue back and forth across my tip. The feeling was unbelievable, and as I grew stiff again, she started to lick up and down my length, finally taking me right into her mouth and sucking me hungrily. By now I was as solid as pink steel can get.

Apparently satisfied, Jill stood up, lifted her dress and bent forward over the hand basin, pushing her bottom out towards me. It wasn't an invitation I could miss. Moving up to her, I took hold of her hips and began rubbing my throbbing penis all over the backs of her thighs, her taut panties and up between her legs. She moaned and squeezed her thighs together, pressing my shaft hard against the soft warmth of her mound. If I'd had any doubts that she was willing to go all the way, that resolved them. Reaching down, I pulled her pantie leg elastic to one side, exposing the hot, swollen lips of her fanny, and slid my cock inside. Jill gasped and pushed her bottom back into me as I gripped her beautifully curved hips and began pumping hard. Watching her luscious bottom jiggle and quiver when I ground my pubic bone against it was my wildest fantasy come true. I couldn't believe it was actually happening.

Then Jill straightened and unbuttoned the front of her dress. I reached round to pull her bra up over her breasts, cupping and caressing them, tweaking and squeezing her hard stubby nipples. Gradually she leaned forward again and we resumed humping, though now her hand came down between her legs to scoop and fondle my balls as they bumped against her pussy. By this time her breathing was getting heavier and more laboured. She began urging me to 'Fuck me harder... faster...' because she could feel herself about to come.

Suddenly she was wailing out loud, jerking and twitching on the end of my cock. I let her finish and then slowly resumed my strokes, ready to spurt into her. But she suddenly straightened again, twisted her head towards me and cried, Pull out — I'm not on the pill!'

I only just managed it in time. As my cock popped out I erupted.

Afterwards Jill admited she had been deliberately teasing me because it made her feel young and unmarried again, but she'd thought it would be harmless because we were both married. We decided we'd both let matters get out of hand and we'd let things cool down for a while. It's only been a week now, but the thought of screwing Jill's tight, pantied rear again still makes me incredibly horny. Whenever I see her I'm sure she is thinking the same thoughts. It will be interesting to see which of us gives in first!

HK, British Columbia

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

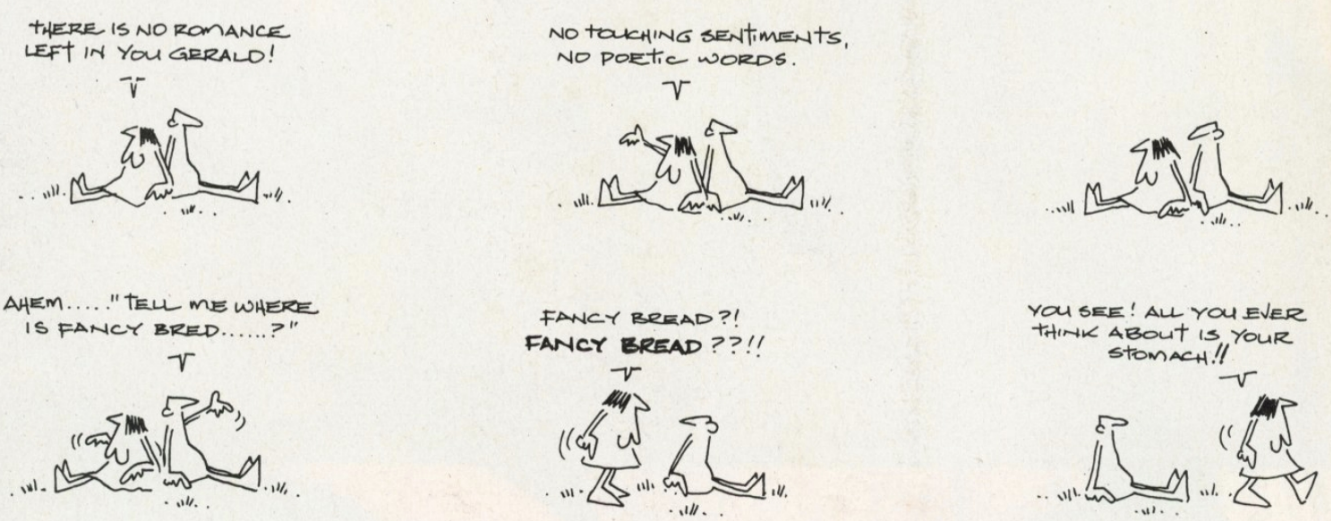
Car canoodling

In your Forgotten Jaguars piece in Vol 22 No 4 the picture shows something else surely?

PS Green, Romford

Photographer Ed Alexander does take girl pictures normally so we can only assume that old habits die hard.

CAZ



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failed to proclaim his own Credit in bringing Offenders to Justice, and in delivering his Country from such dangerous People . . . And in those Cases, they add, That he managed with such Dexterity, that he always obtained publick Applause, as a mighty Forward Man to detect such Villainies . . .'

Wild himself kept a running checklist of his thieves, when the details of a robbery tallied exactly in the thief's account and the victim's, he had clear evidence of a capital felony, and marked that criminal with a cross in the margin, indicating that this man could be readily impeached if the need arose. Frequently, of course, the need *did* arise and, once the unfortunate thief had been impeached and hanged to bring in another £40, Wild marked the name with a second cross, thus giving rise to the expression 'double cross' which persists to this day.

Wild could be equally efficient at dealing with the middle levels of society — the artisan class and tradespeople — as these two anecdotes illustrate. Two servants — chairmen — carried Lady Henrietta Godolphin in her sedan chair to visit a friend in St James's Street, Piccadilly, then left the handsome conveyance, with all its costly silken furnishings, outside the house while they went off to a neighbouring alehouse. When they returned, the chair had disappeared, and they rushed round to Jonathan Wild at the Old Bailey. Having taken their five shillings deposit, he advised them to wait a day or two a customary delay to give the victim the idea that Wild had to make extensive enquiries. This was despite the

fact that Wild's own men had stolen the chair in the course of their normal occupation, which was strolling around town, dressed as chairmen, and snatching any unattended chairs they found.

When the chairmen returned, Wild told them that he had hopes of recovery, but it would cost them ten guineas. They produced the money, and once more Wild's roguish sense of humour took charge. He told them to be sure to attend divine service at Lincoln's Inn Chapel the following morning. Somewhat puzzled, they did so, and, on emerging, found the undamaged chair, with velvet cushions and damask curtains intact, parked in the piazza of the front entrance.

The other case relates to a silk merchant in Covent Garden who lost a 'Piece of damask bespoke', intended for a new suit for a duke, and due to be collected that afternoon. In a panic, the merchant grabbed a coach and rattled round to the Old Bailey, where he offered Wild thirty guineas for the immediate return of the cloth. Wild opened negotiations by saying that the merchant would have to wait at least a week (a standard ploy), which reduced the man to the verge of hysteria.

But Wild knew how to produce satisfaction quickly when it was necessary. He excused himself, returned, then moments later an assistant came in and asked him to speak to a man downstairs. This was all play-acting, of course, and eventually Wild returned, wreathed in smiles, and said to the merchant: 'I protest, Sir, you're the luckiest man I ever knew!' He told his client to go home, and on the way the merchant was presented with the stolen cloth for twenty guineas in Southampton Street.

On visiting Wild again to thank him, the merchant tried to press on him the ten guineas saved. Wild protested at length. 'Tis satisfaction enough, Sir, to an honest Man,' he insisted, 'that he is able to procure People their Goods again.' But, of course, he was eventually persuaded to accept the money.

But Jonathan Wild's greatest claim to general popularity as Thief-Taker General was in his efforts to break up the numerous criminal gangs which flourished in the London area, and this is where the Capone image comes in. Wild, needless to say, was only acting in the public interest as far as it bolstered his image as a thief taker, and the fact that most of the gangs had no need of his services, or his 'Locks', made them the kind of competition which should be either brought under his control, or destroyed. There were four major gangs in 1721 — Spiggot's gang and Hawkins' gang (both highwaymen and therefore small, about six each) Shaw's gang (footpads mostly, about 15 strong), and the largest and most dangerous, Carrick's gang (all footpads, mostly of Irish immigrant stock, numbering anything up to 50). It is a measure of Wild's efficiency in his chosen profession that in the two years 1721-23 he effectively destroyed all these gangs, and records agree that no large gangs managed to achieve a foothold until after his death in 1725. He achieved this in his usual devious way, infiltrating the gangs with his own underlings, or bribing existing gang members to impeach their mates.

But, ironically, it was mainly through bringing the famous criminal, Jack Sheppard, to justice that Jonathan Wild's popularity began to wane. Sheppard was a Cockney lad, and became a kind of folk hero some twenty-five years before Dick Turpin occupied a similar role. Turpin was a highwayman, an aristocrat in the criminal classes of the day, but Sheppard was a footpad and burglar, and seems to have been an unpleasant, snivelling wretch, although he had a natural Cockney wit. His chief claim to fame was his undoubted ability to escape from the various prisons in which he was incarcerated.

Sheppard started his career by joining up with a few remnants of Carrick's gang, notably Blueskin Blake, 'Hell and Fury' Sykes, and a receiver of stolen goods called William Field, who had long been one of Wild's creatures. The break-in that brought them all within Jonathan Wild's writ was into the drapery shop of a Mr Kneebone in the Strand, where they stole 108 yards of cloth, two silver spoons 'and other goods'. Mr Kneebone suspected Jack Sheppard, and felt very strongly over the matter, as he had employed young Jack as a boy and treated him in a kindly, avuncular sort of way. Thus he went to Wild, who got inside information from Field. As a result, Sheppard was captured on Finchley Common by a posse of horsemen (following information received), and Blake gave himself

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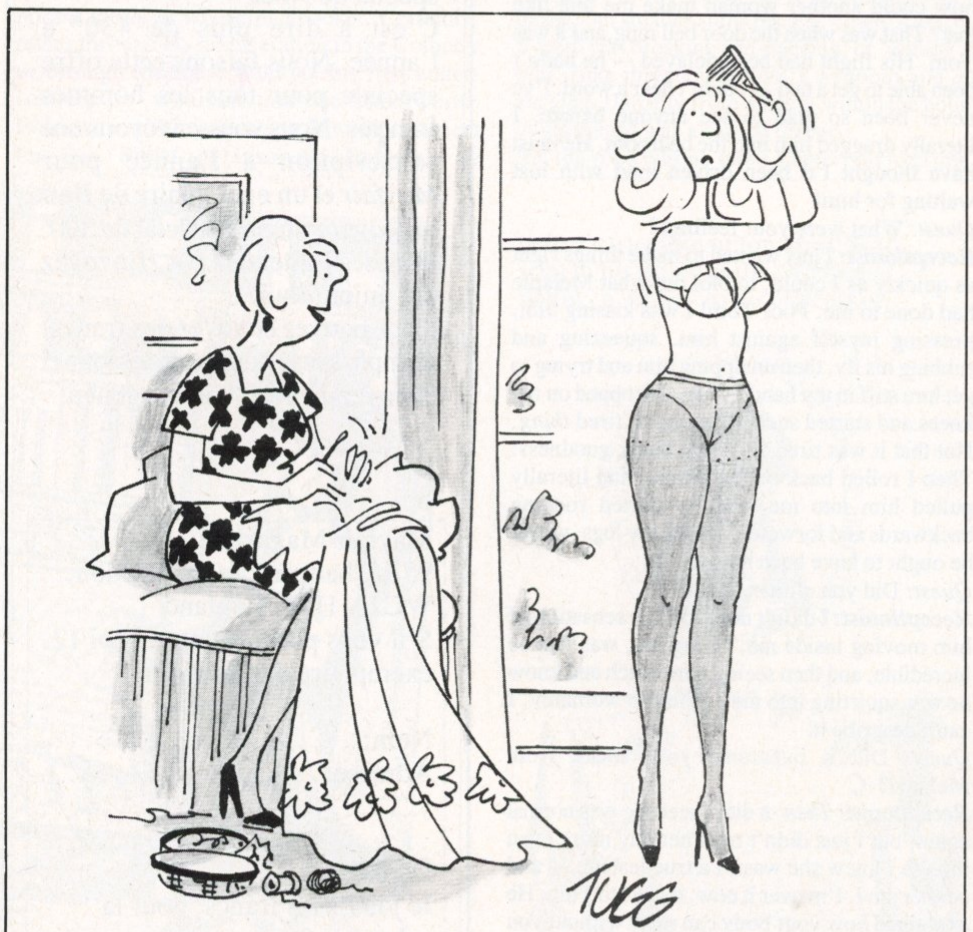


'If we'd worn tights in those days I'd probably have been a barrister by now . . .'

continued from page 108

up in a house in St Giles after Wild and his henchmen had broken down the door.

Later, Blueskin, (possibly named for a massive five 'o clock shadow) strolled up to Wild in the Bail Dock at the Sessions House, where the Thief-Catcher was chatting up the criminals, a pint of wine in hand, having just assured a minor offender that he thought he could get him off as a 'single felon' (not a hanging matter) when Blueskin said something to the effect that surely he could do the same for him. Wild, however, knew when the usefulness of his contacts was over, and simply said he could not help. An enraged Blueskin Blake then grabbed Wild around the neck, and tried to cut his throat with a penknife, which he produced from his pocket. Had it not been for the bluntness of the knife, and the yards of 'Muslin Stock twisted in several Plaits' round Wild's neck, there is little doubt that Blake would have succeeded in his attempt, for he was quoted later as saying that it was 'his Intention to have cut off his Head, and then thrown it into the Sessions Yard among the Rabble'. Fortunately, three surgeons were attending Court at the time, presumably to give evidence in other cases, so Wild was patched up, sewn up and sent home to bed.

Sheppard died at Tyburn on November 16, 1724, and there were riots to equal the departure of Jonathan Wild, a scant six months later, although on this occasion, the mobs were doing their best to, if not save him from death, at least rescue him from being handed over to Surgeons' Hall to be anatomized, a fate which seemed to horrify all felons of the day — that is to end up on a dissecting table in front of a group of medical students, rather than being given a decent Christian burial.

Jonathan Wild shortly took the same course. He had lost popularity through the Blueskin Blake and Jack Sheppard affairs, and his downfall was probably aided by a group of Magistrates who had finally decided that his career should be brought to an end. Initially he was arrested on a charge of rescuing one of his cronies 'from a Constable who had him in Custody', and the charge was probably correct, although it appears

that further *false* charges, of which nothing further were heard, were presented to ensure he could not get bail. Incarcerated in Newgate, 'The Famous Jonathan Wild' got plenty of (now unfavourable) publicity.

At his point, it seems that Wild, knowing that a further charge was being brought against him, wrongly concluded that it related to a theft of lace from the shop of a Mrs Catherine Statham in Holborn. In fact, he had masterminded the whole operation, sending in the thieves, Henry Kelley and Margaret Murphy, receiving the stolen goods afterwards, and then accepting ten guineas reward from Mrs Statham for recovering the lace. This was the first the Court had heard of the affair, and they gleefully brought a fresh charge, then subpoeaning Kelley and Murphy along with Mrs Statham as material witnesses. Impeached by his own underlings, Wild was sentenced to death, despite trying to impress the jury with a list of the felons he had brought to justice, and the sentence was duly carried out, despite a 'Humble Petition' presented to His Majesty George I, which ended with words showing Wild at his most sycophantic and Uriah Heepish:

'If I receive Your Majesty's Favour of a Reprieve I do firmly resolve to relinquish my Wicked Ways and to detest (as far as in me lays) all such who shall persevere therein . . .'

It was a wet Spring that year, and it seems likely that Jonathan Wild took his final journey from Newgate to Tyburn in a shower of rain. Execution Day was set for May 24, which hardly gave Wild those two clear Sundays normally granted to the condemned to give them a chance to repent. In fact, he hardly needed them, a sick man, lame with gout, suffering from syphilis, and having a skull sufficiently fractured to be held together with two silver plates. He had also attempted suicide on the eve of his execution, but only succeeded in vomiting up a mess of opium and alcohol (laudanum).

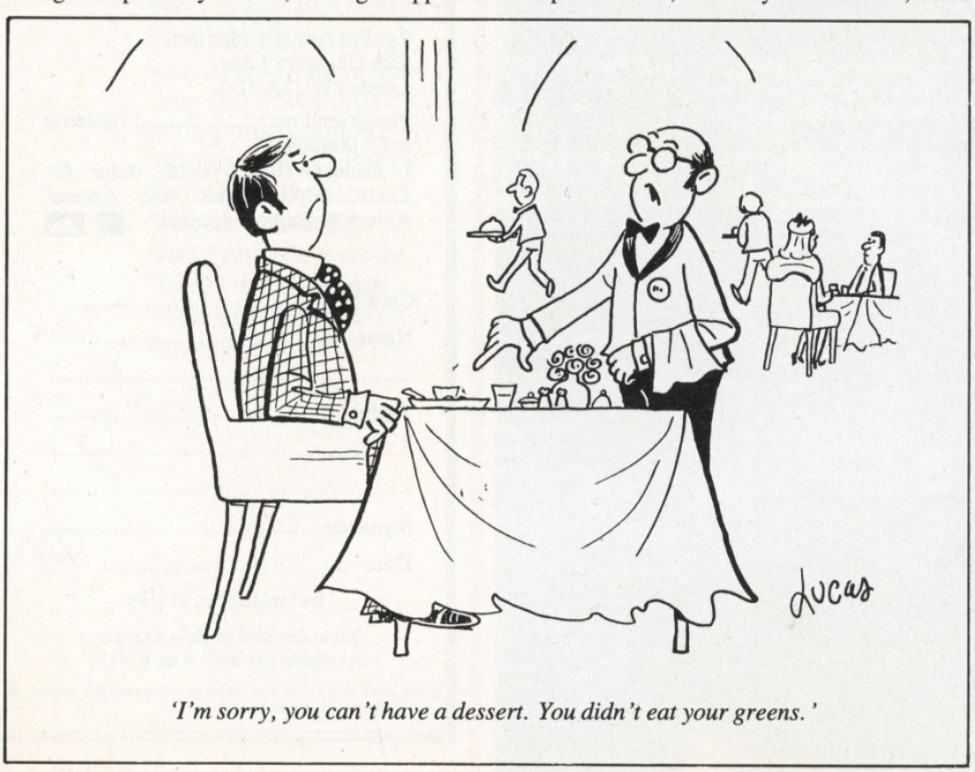
The journey from Newgate Prison to Tyburn was a momentous occasion. Newgate Prison was on the site now occupied by the Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey. And Tyburn, the ancient execution site for felons, was at Marble Arch. That would take you along modern day Holborn and Oxford Street. Wild was by now so highly unpopular that the two highwaymen with whom he shared the execution wagon suffered injuries from missiles intended for the man between them. Here is how the *London Journal* reviewed the scene:

'Never was there a greater Crowd assembled on any Occasion, than to see this unhappy Person; and so outrageous were the Mob in their Joy to behold him on the Road to the gallows, who had been the Cause of sending so many thither; that they huzza'd him along to the Triple Tree, and shew'd a Temper very uncommon on such a melancholy Occasion, for thy threw Stones at him; with some of which his head was broke, and the two Malefactors, Sperry and Sandford, between whom he sate in the cart, were hurt; Nay, even in his last Lament thy did not cease their Insults . . .'

The scenes at Tyburn were even worse, and the Ordinary (a kind of prison chaplain) found it quite impossible to say any prayers with the four condemned men, owing to the general noise and confusion. When the final moment came and Jonathan Wild was 'turned off' there was a 'Universal Shout among the Spectators'. It seems that Wild's hands were unbound and in a last desperate frenzy, he grabbed at the body of Harpham, the Coiner, presumably swinging alongside him and attempted to take the weight off his noose. Another London newspaper, the *Post*, put it thus: '..he catch'd hold of Harpham's Arm, and slack'd his Rope, till the Executioner (I believe very much against his Will, tho' very Dextrously) dispatch'd him; after he was cut down he was convey'd a round about way, to Surgeon's Hall in a Coach and four Horses, by a Mob who received five shillings per Man for their Service; which was paid at the Cardigan's Head near Charing Cross, where we hear that he will not only be Anatomiz'd but his Skin stuff'd and hung up by his Skeleton . . .'.

And thus ended the career of one of the most remarkable rogues in criminal history. In some ways, of course, he had been a remarkably efficient thief-taker, and the point was underlined over two months after his death in this report in the *Daily Journal* of July 5, 1725.

'The Sessions ended last Friday at the Old Bailey, when Elizabeth Roberts, alias Bostock, received Sentence of Death for the Murder of a Pastry Cook in Swithin's Lane. 'Tis remarkable that since the Dissolution of Jonathan Wild, not one Felon has been convicted capitally, which by some is attributed to a Reform amongst the Rogues, and by others to the Want of a proper Person to detect them.' Then, just in case the reporter might think he was being accused of taking Wild's part, he adds, 'but these Matters as they may, most or all agree, that the giving of Mr Wild his *Quietus* was just and absolutely necessary.' Amen to that, you might say.



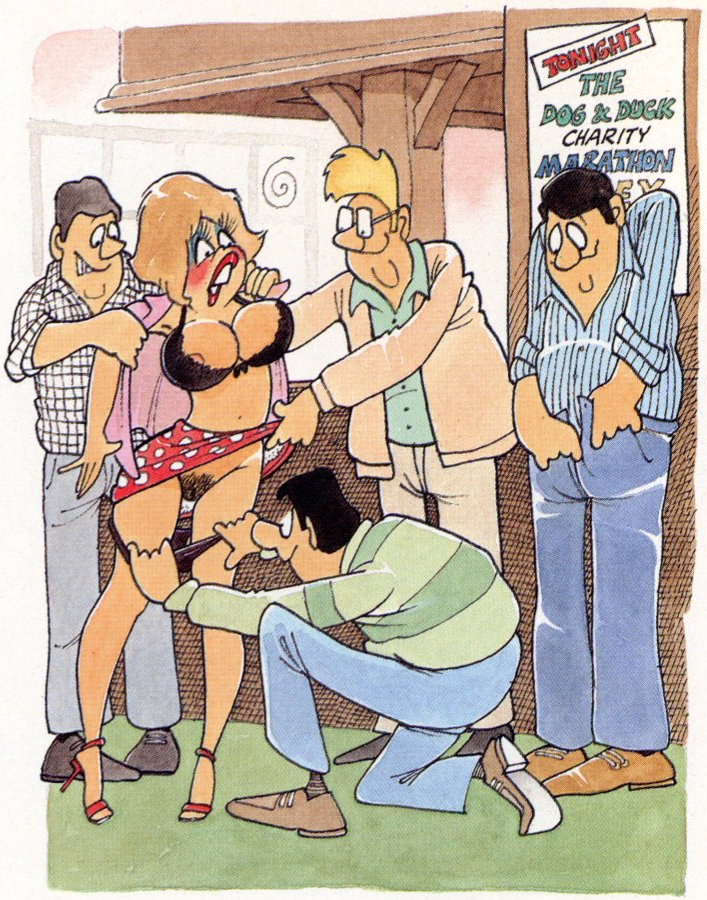
'I'm sorry, you can't have a dessert. You didn't eat your greens.'

'You didn't say anything about it being a double *bed!'*

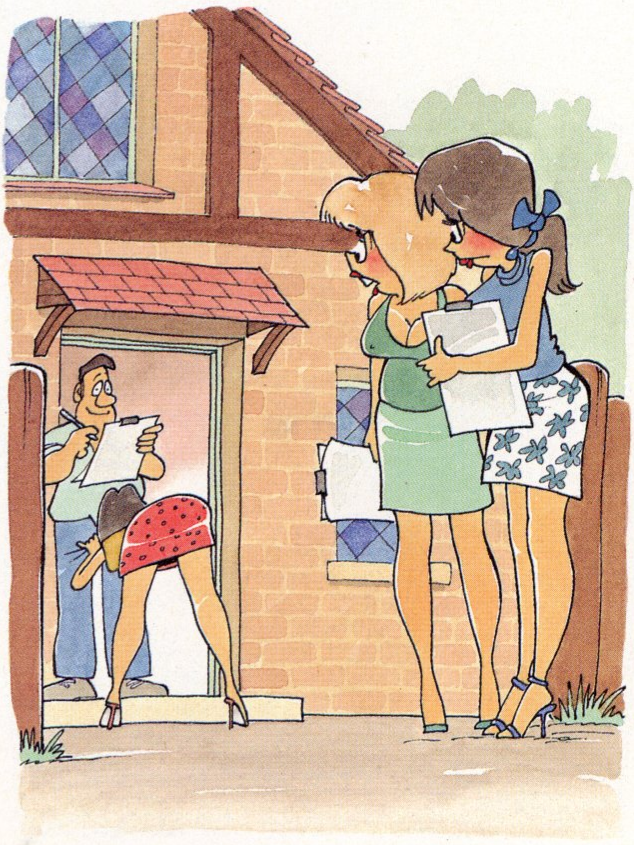
APPEALING LADIES

Collecting for charity can be fun, says cartoonist Anthony, especially when people give so willingly

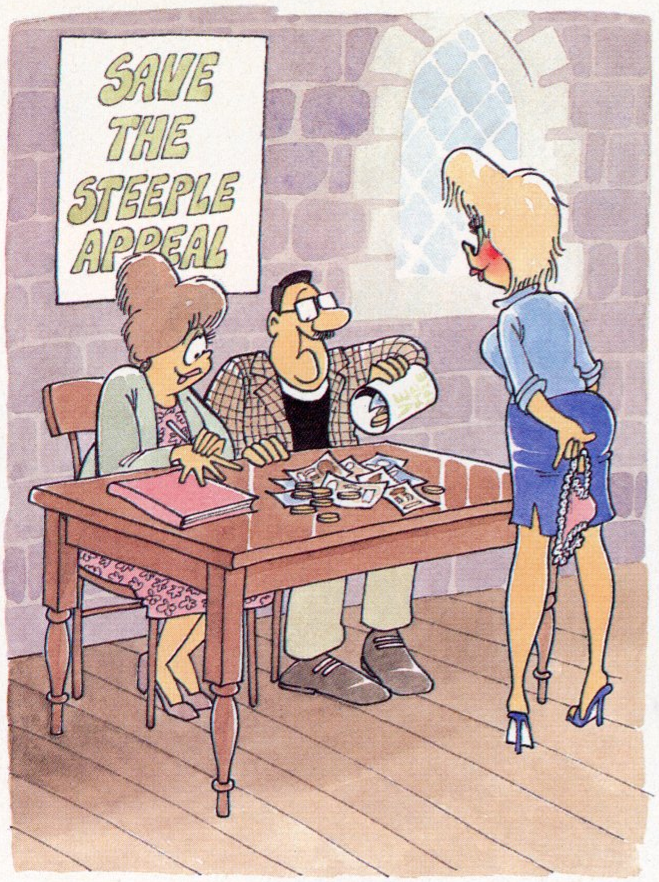
'It's okay, darling, just someone collecting clothes for the jumble sale.'



'A 24-hour what*?'*



'I see Sharon has got herself another sponsor.'



'How on earth did you manage to collect such a magnificent amount of money, Julia?'

'I've already given.'

'If the gentlemen say they have no money on them, we must assume they are telling the truth.'

Wave jumpers defy the forces of wind, ocean and gravity to perform astonishing acrobatic feats atop Europe's mightiest surf

WAVING THE RULES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAX EAREY

Wave jumping off the Canary island of Fuerteventura, where hot Sahara winds meet the Atlantic swell.

Jim Drake and Hoyle Schweitzer, are generally credited with having invented the sailboard. For most of that decade windsurfing boards were little more than surfing boards with a sail attached, with the accent firmly on the wind-blown rather than the surfing aspects of the sport. When the wind exceeded Force 4 — no more than a moderate breeze, causing small waves — the boards became unmanageable, forcing sailors to return to shore. In the relatively mild conditions of European waters this was not an impossible hardship. But on the far side of the world, off the shores of Hawaii — the mecca of surfing — this presented real difficulties. There the gigantic, rolling Pacific waves that so attracted conventional surfers met stiff winds, funnelled through the deep rifts and valleys of the

turn to page 46

Footstraps and harnesses ensure that the sailor is in constant contact with the board, enabling him, or her, to surf at speeds over 20 knots, and even perform complete 360 degree turns in mid air

Imagine an activity that demands the acrobatic ability to pirouette gracefully on the top of a 15-foot wall of water, the skill to recover perfectly from a 40-foot leap, and the courage to face the mightiest waves of the Atlantic or Pacific in the middle of a minor gale. You will have pictured the fast-moving and spectacular sport of wave jumping, the latest, most hair-raising development of the windsurfing art.

Today's wave jumpers have turned windsurfing from an aquatic to an aerial sport. Coupling the force of wind and waves with their own muscle power and expertise, they can create astonishing acrobatic feats, jumping, reversing, even performing 360 degree loops up to 20 feet in the air.

In Europe one of the most popular venues is the Canary Islands, where the deep swells of the Atlantic meet the hot, dry winds off the Western Sahara, 70 miles to the east. On Fuerteventura, the second largest island where our pictures were taken, volcanic reefs from three to six feet below the surface create some of Europe's fastest and most powerful waves. One wave in particular, nicknamed 'The Shooting Gallery', offers an especially swift ride, but strictly for the highly experienced wave rider; anyone tumbling off a board in heavy surf between the end of the reef and the shoreline is likely to injure themselves. Such activities were undreamed of back in the early seventies when two Californian surfers,

When a pop star peels...

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WAVING THE RULES

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volcanic islands. In such a high wind/big wave environment local board sailors were forced either to confine their activities to sheltered bays, or to adapt their boards to the extreme conditions. They chose the latter.

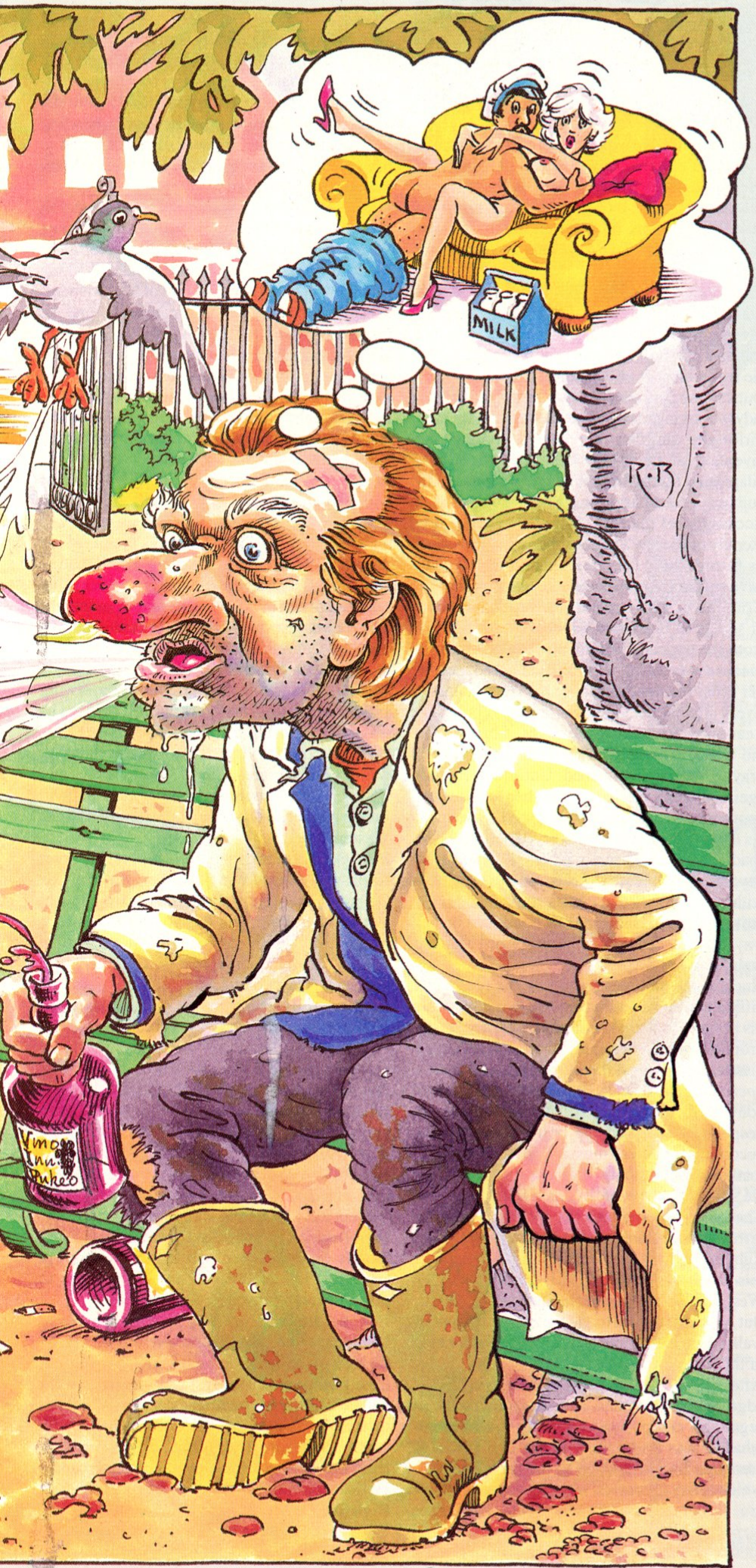
In the late seventies Hawaiian boards became shorter and lighter, dropping from around 12 ft 7 in (390 cm) in length to as little as 8 ft 3 in (255 cm). Buoyancy came to be less important than speed and manoeuvrability; some boards, known as 'sinkers', would actually sink unless skimming across the surface at speed. Sailing rigs became stronger and more stable, better able to cope with strong winds. But the most important developments involved the sailor's physical contact with the board itself.

Surfer Larry Stanley first attached footstraps to the sailboard in 1977, and revolutionised the sport. For the first time the sailor could remain attached to the board regardless of surrounding conditions, enabling him, or her, to increase speed and manoeuvrability to an unprecedented extent. The use of a harness, attaching the sailor to the sailing rig and taking some of the strain, also enabled longer and more strenuous manoeuvres.

New techniques were soon developed for these Hawaiian 'wave boards', the most notable being the discovery that, when a board is planing at high speed over the surface of water, it can be steered merely by using the feet — like a conventional surfboard or water ski. Now windsurfers could not only emulate the most spectacular feats of their surfing predecessors, but actually improve on them, combining the power of the finest surfing waves with the captured force of a strong wind. The Force 4 'barrier' which had once sent board sailors scurrying for home was now a pre-requisite for wave jumping, and wave riding.

Hawaiian conditions, however, are far from universal, but the influence of the new wave boards spread worldwide. The result was a compromise between older-style, sailing-only boards and the newest short boards, which demanded a high degree of strength and expertise. 'Funboards', as they were called, first appeared in the early eighties, and offered the manoeuvrability of the new boards with the stablility of the old. They now dominate the windsurfing scene.

Several months of practice on longer, more conventional boards in light to medium winds are required to school the newcomer to funboarding, and few wind jumpers can ever hope to emulate the skills of World Windsurfing Champion Robby Naish, who has completed two complete 360 degree loops in mid air. But even the most passive spectator can gain enormous pleasure from watching the most spectacular and exhilarating of windsurfing activities.



Nineteen years ago Hucklebuck was a blissfully happy married man. Now, down and out, he swills sherry on a park bench — all thanks to a Spanish milkman and shrimp paste sandwiches. Should he end it all? Or is there a chance of revenge?

Fiction by Ray Price

POETIC JUSTICE

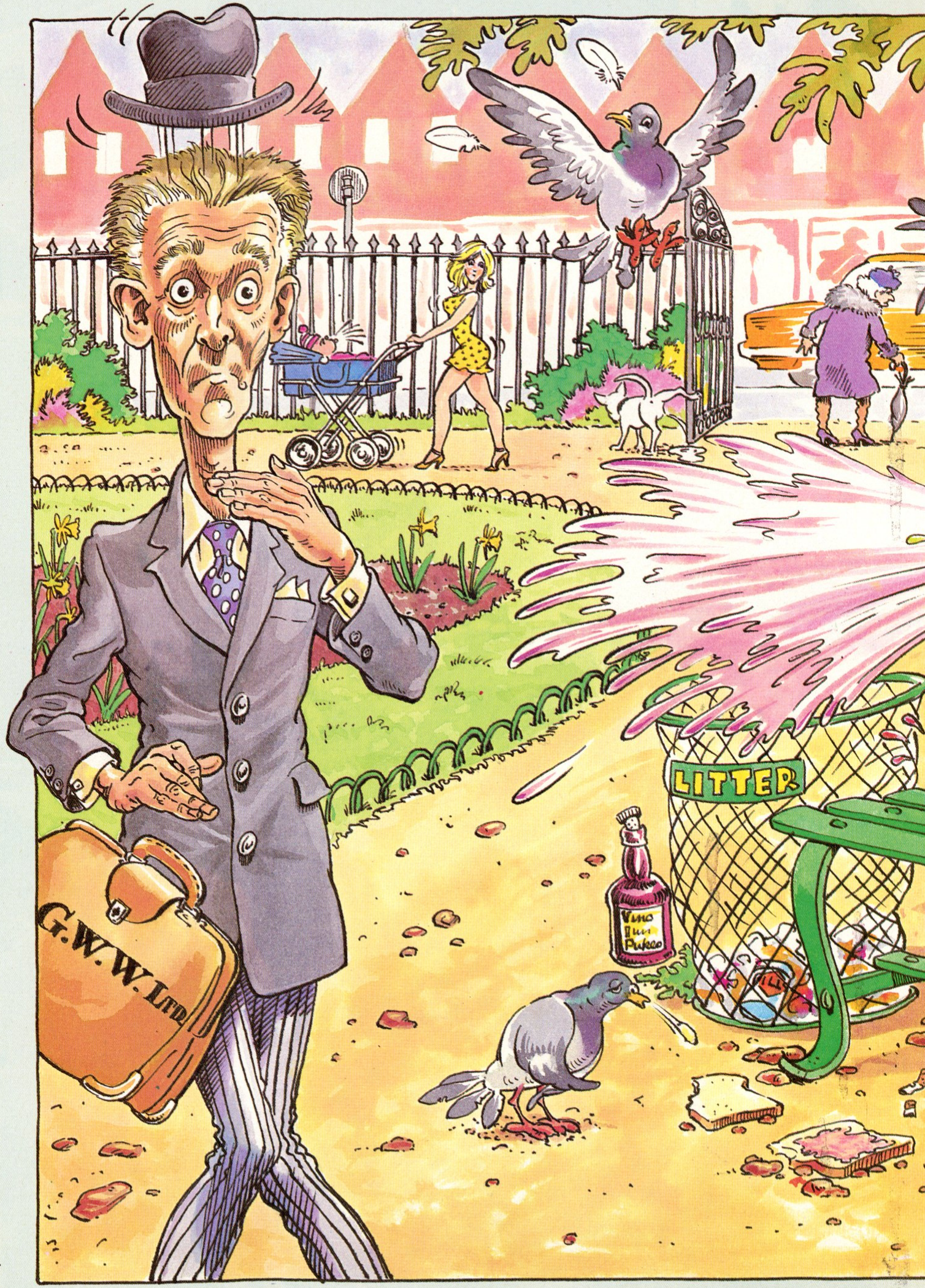
Hubert Horatio Hucklebuck wanted to die; of that he was certain. Several factors were responsible for this hapless decision, all of them calamitous. But the primary reasons were undoubtedly the collapse of his marriage, and his subsequent addition to alcohol — which had left him homeless, penniless and often legless.

He morosely scratched his Brobdingnagian nose, another permanent burden which thrust forward from the centre of his face with such energy that it appeared to be dragging him in its wake, casting a shadow, both literally and psychologically, from which he found it impossible to emerge. This immense example of nasal architecture was further accentuated by its vivid redness, and the impressive mucus stalactite clinging tenuously to its tip.

Hunched forward on the park bench, he stared pensively into the far distance, oblivious of the influx of lunchtime visitors, as he contemplated the one ruinous seed from which his misery had grown: shrimp paste bloody sandwiches!

In an indirect sort of way, that is. He didn't actually hold them personally responsible; they were just an innocent pawn in a series of events which had left him in his current impoverished state. If he hadn't forgotten them on his way to work, those nine months ago, he wouldn't have doubled back and found Brenda lustfully embracing their Spanish milkman in the front room. He winced at the memory and sniffed, causing the stalactite to vanish and reappear with startling rapidity. Nineteen years of blissful marriage destroyed by a ferret-faced dago who smelt of

Waves racing over lava reefs make good but hazardous conditions, as top British windsurfing professional Gary Gibson (inset right) found to his cost



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBIN BOUTELLE

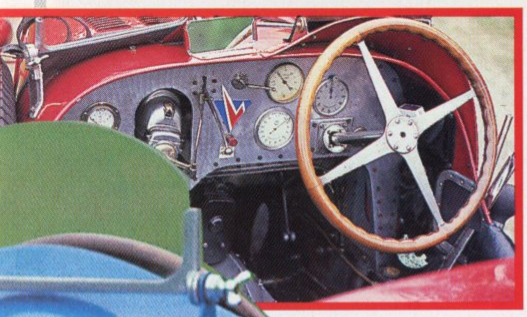
Few motoring marques become all-time classics but the blue sports cars of Ettore Bugatti are true racing aristocrats

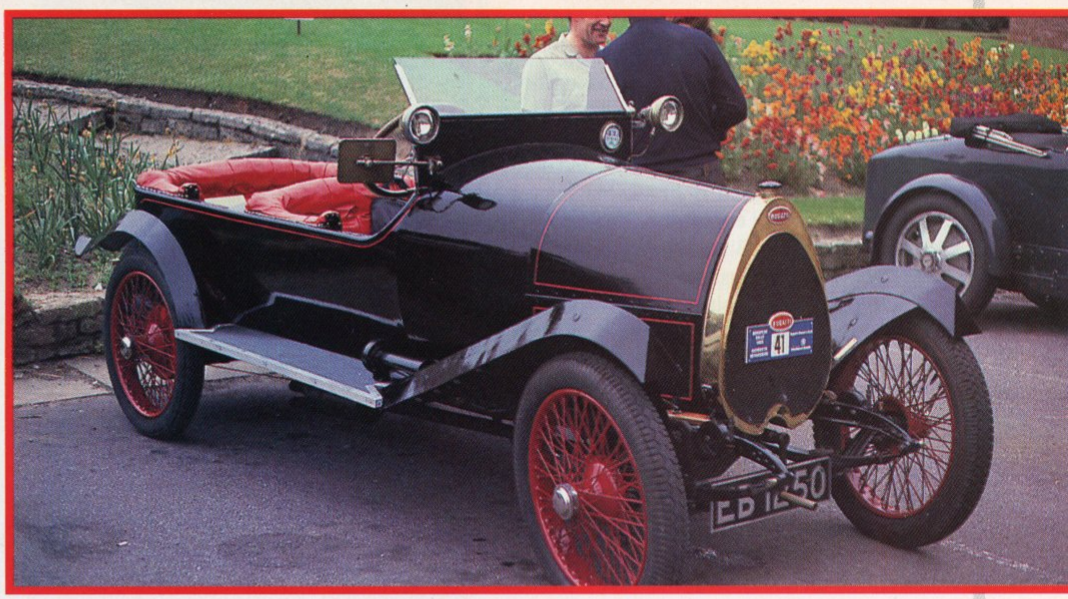
BUGATTI

BLUE BLOODED RACERS

Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Ed Alexander





Below: The classic Bugatti shape of the T35B. Above: The 1½-litre Brescia Bugatti, a race-winner in the 1920s. Near left top: Another Brescia, and bottom, the interior of a Type 51 Grand Prix. Two pictures far left: A 1½-litre Type 37, a four-cylinder version of the Type 35 seen on its left.

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D18

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contentedly watching the clouds, but finally decided to try again. Hoping to gain enough momentum to roll over, he wriggled frantically on his back like an upturned beetle, eventually achieving a fairly stable position on all fours. He then endeavoured to complete the next phase by clasping the rim of a wastepaper basket, and hauling himself up. As his head appeared over the lip of the basket, habit forced him to scan its varied contents, and that's when he found the answer.

Pills! Or rather a discarded container which had housed them.

Delving into the wire basket, he withdrew the container, and gave it a quick shake. He was rewarded instantly with a rattle, which suggested the residency of several tablets. Just what the doctor ordered; a painless overdose.

His attempt to remove the lid met with an annoyingly obstinate resistance. He persisted in his efforts, and it suddenly opened, scattering the tablets in all directions. Gathering them up frantically, he popped them them one by one, into his mouth, and waited. The wait proved brief. The laxative pills which the now regular Mrs Gloria Waghorne had deposited a few hours earlier were of the quick-acting variety, as Hucklebuck would be the first to confirm.

It was two days later when the painfully empty tramp finally emerged from the depths of the park's toilet. But, from adversity, a man can draw inspiration, and the last 48 hours had permitted Hucklebuck time enough to think as he'd sat patiently waiting for the orificial exodus to cease. He'd made up his mind to jump off Westminster Bridge.

Wearing an expression of resolute determination, he set off, unceremoniously shoving aside anyone who strayed into his unstoppable path. Cars screeched to a half, horns blaring furiously, as Hucklebuck remorselessly ignored the busy roads. Paying scant attention to the ginger-haired Welshman who was pulling rude faces behind the back of a stern, middle-aged lady entering the Houses of Parliament, he strode onward, determined not to pause, lest he faltered in his resolve. Within a matter of seconds he had reached the centre of the bridge.

There was no question of turning back, nor did he want to. Climbing onto the parapet, he jumped! As an afterthought he shouted, 'Geronimo!' — people jumping from high places always seemed to shout 'Geronimo!'

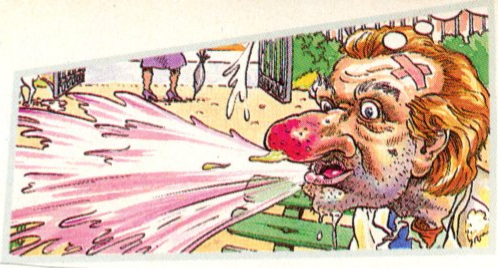
He held his breath, waiting for the cold, dark waters to engulf him...

Mr Yakamoto was enjoying his Thames cruise aboard the *Royal London*. That is he was until a screaming kamikaze Englishman dive-bombed him from only his honoured ancestors knew where. A fellow countryman had warned him, prior to his happy departure from Tokyo, that the English could be 'a rittle eccentlic' but he was totally unprepared for anything like this.

He had never been landed upon in Japan; nobody had even landed nearby. Not since the Ninja disbanded, anyway.

Mr Yakamoto, it transpired, proved so unnerved by his awful experience that he spent the rest of his holiday staring nervously skyward. Happily, though he trod in a prodigious amount of canine excrement, he remained unlanded upon throughout the rest of his stay.

At the time of the near tragedy, however, Mr



Yakamoto's colleagues, believing the scene they had just witnessed to be some subtle English joke, had captured the moment for posterity on their expensive SLR cameras. The stunned Hucklebuck was subsequently put ashore by the irate captain of the *Royal London*, who left him in no doubt as to the serious repercussions which would follow in the wake of any further attempts at piracy. Hucklebuck brushed a sliver of raw fish from his lapel, and headed back to the park.

Hucklebuck's sole consolation was a fresh bottle of sherry. Burping between swigs, he contemplated his failure. It was ludicrous, he couldn't even kill himself properly. It was almost as though he was destined not to die...

But perhaps that was it! Perhaps the gods were trying to help him, to prove he wasn't alone, to lead him to better things. A job, even. Perhaps back into the bank, if he smartened himself up a bit. After all, he'd been well thought of until he started drinking. That would show Brenda.

He conjured up a mental image of himself as a bank manager, and Brenda and Carlos entering his office, cap in hand, to negotiate a loan. Smiling, he stood up.

He was aware of a sudden optimism, the like of which he hadn't known for years. The park was a symbol of his degradation, of those miserable drunken days, sprawled across hard benches. To really start afresh he had to leave its confines.

Quickening his step, he passed through the gates and entered the street. The blanket of depression lifted from his shoulders, the world was full of sunlight. He had left the shackles of his past behind, he was free, free to start again, free to... Hucklebuck's plans were never fulfilled.

Euphorically unaware, he had stepped off the pavement into the path of a speeding lorry, giving the driver no chance to stop. The dull thud reverberated round the high street, and the hiss of powerful air brakes echoed the exodus of breath from his lifeless body.

By the time the lorry had ground to a juddering halt a crowd was already gathering round Hucklebuck's crumpled body, like vultures around a decaying carcass, the illusion emphasised by the spectacle of an opportunist tramp trying to remove Hucklebuck's wellingtons until a policeman intervened.

A fortnight later, following police investigations, the driver of the lorry, one Juan Carlos, ex-milkman and husband of Mrs Brenda Carlos, was charged with the manslaughter of his former rival. Sickened by this brutish killing of the only man she ever really loved, Brenda divorced him and married a Turkish gas fitter from Barnet.

Carlos, who, because of his dark good looks, was forced to satisfy the sexual desires of certain of his fellow inmates, left prison with a different outlook on life, and married a plumber from East Grinstead. Three years later, disillusioned with his indifference, he ran off with the milkman.

And watching all this, from a place where left wellingtons are plentiful, and noses are of the small, uptilted variety, was Hucklebuck. Knowing it was wrong to draw pleasure from other people's misfortunes and unhappiness, he nevertheless pissed himself laughing.

yoghurt and supported Real Ma-bloody-drid. Juan Carlos had a lot to answer for.

'Bastard!'

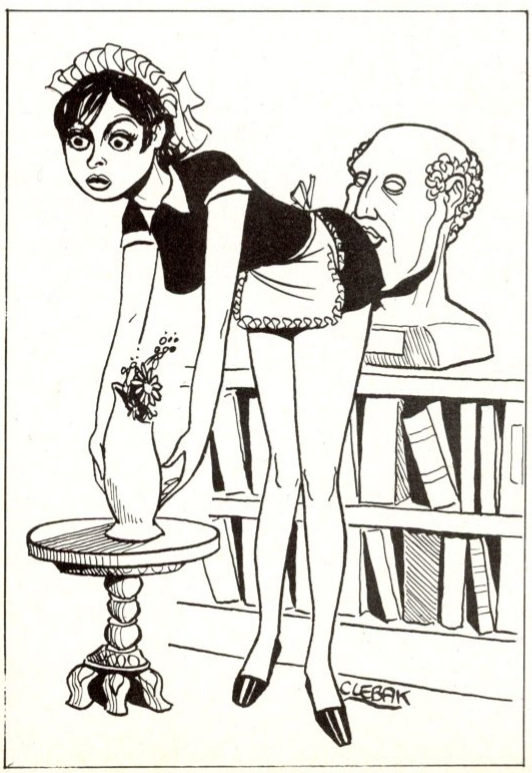
Hucklebuck's savage outburst was so loud, and so unexpected, that the passing Mr Galbraith, of Galbraith, Waskett & Waskett Limited, unintentionally swallowed his Polo. In protest at this uninvited morsel, his throat responded with a gutteral explosion of such awesome power that the sweet was propelled through a wide arc before landing some considerable distance from his gaping mouth. Wiping his eyes and nose, all of which had suffered some leakage in the preceding trauma, Mr Galbraith continued his stroll in a more dignified manner, as befitted a chartered accountant of his standing.

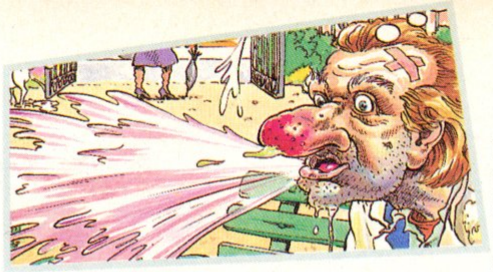
Hucklebuck had been unaware of Galbraith's exhibition of oral ballistics, his mind still fully occupied by visions of adulterous wives and Spanish Romeos. He remembered how amazingly unruffled he had been by the sight of Brenda in another man's arms, even drawing a certain masochistic pleasure from their embarrassed discomfort over his discovery of their illicit passion. They were nonplussed by his calm acceptance of the situation. But, as he had assured them at the time, it would be a sad state of affairs — pardon the pun — if civilized people couldn't rationally discuss a problem without resorting to violent recrimination.

Warmed by his magnanimous attitude, and relaxing visibly, the two lovers had seated themselves meekly to await a reasonable exchange of views. And that was when Hucklebuck had hurled the TV set at Carlos.

He'd regretted it immediately, he really had. Especially when he realized it had not rendered Juan incapable of retaliation — an act which he consequently indulged in, to what Hucklebuck considered an unnecessarily rapacious degree.

He sighed and drank thirstily from the sherry bottle which, until then, had been parked at his feet. In fact, he took a swig of such enormous proportion that the dispensatory qualities of the bottle outshone the absorptive powers of his mouth so convincingly it caused the surplus sherry to cascade down the coarse stubble of his





unshaven chin. He wiped it with a crumpled cuff.

If only he'd known it would end like this. But what good would it have done? His Uncle Henry had been warned, by a gypsy fortune teller, to avoid large sums of money, and look what happened to him. Two days later he'd been run over by a wages van.

Hucklebuck drained the bottle dry and sighed again. It was too late now to worry about the past; Brenda had left with her chosen Juan, and that was that. Bugger Brenda. And bugger Carlos. He was well shot of the pair of them.

Outside the park gates, a frail, grey-haired old lady was trying to negotiate the busy road. Daisy Pirlbright shuffled nervously, cursing the invention of the motor car. She was a sad, dilapidated figure, her spindly legs populated by bulbous protruberances, which suggested a stockingful of marbles. Her shabby attire was literally capped by a battered bonnet so devoid of its former floral decoration that it appeared to have suffered a particularly severe autumn.

Grim-faced, she impatiently surveyed the twenty or so feet of black tarmac which separated her from the opposite pavement. Any chance of a successful crossing was drastically reduced by her gross inability to choose the right moment. Every attempt she made was angrily rebuked by a car horn. Eventually, however, a brief lull in the traffic provided the moment she'd been praying for, or so it seemed. Unfortunately, her ageing eyes had failed to alert her to the silent approach of a furiously peddling PC Brown.

As Daisy's poor old legs conveyed her across the road at a speed normally reserved for pension day, the constable was forced to apply his brakes with such ferocity that inertia compelled him to quit the saddle. Daisy merely continued on her way, blissfully unware of the uniformed heap she had left in her wake.

Hucklebuck had been watching the old lady's difficulty with increasing interest, because, while his brain cells were unanimously agreed on the proposed motion of suicide, there was still some dissension amongst them on the actual *modus operandi*. Now Daisy Pirlbright's antics had convinced him that the eternal peace he desperately sought could best be achieved by becoming another funereal statistic in the mathematical insanity of road traffic accidents.

He stood up purposefully, then fell over.

That was the drawback of sherry; it made it virtually impossible to stand up purposefully.

Rubbing his nose determinedly, he tried again — this time it was made infinitely more difficult by West London's apparent inability to remain still. But he made it, even to the meticulous extent of walking on the flower beds in strict observance of the 'Keep off the Grass' signs.

After pausing at the gates he staggered to the edge of the pavement and stopped, partly to regain his composure and partly to remember what he was doing there in the first place. A complete loss of tension in his neck muscles, which always occurred when he was drunk, left him staring at his wellington boots. And a fine identical pair they were too.

Identical, rather than matching, because each boot had been specifically designed for a right foot. The curve to the left of both boots gave the impression that he was always travelling westward and, when he was lying down, gave the even stranger impression they were bending gently in the breeze. But none of this mattered so long as they retained their waterproof qualities, which sadly they didn't.

A car horn jerked his attention to the matter in hand. Surveying the fast procession of oncoming vehicles, he selected as his unwitting accomplice a gleaming red Capri, if only because its long rubescent bonnet reminded him of his own nose. Mesmerized like a bull to a matador's cape, he prepared himself for the *coup de grace*.

He was aware of its irresistable attraction as it sped toward him, of the car's own determined expression as it drew inexorably close. Shutting his eyes tightly, Hucklebuck lurched forward and waited for the bone-shattering impact which would accompany his final act.

After several more seconds of fearful anticipation it occurred to him that bone-shattering impacts weren't all they were cracked up to be. Then he opened his eyes in time to see the red Capri disappearing down a side road.

'Bugger!' Shunning the remaining vehicles, he returned to the relative safety of the pavement, his earlier resolve having departed with the itinerant Capri. Thoroughly dejected, he made his way back to the park bench. Failed suicide attempts had a sobering effect. Withdrawing another bottle from his multi-layered clothing he set about restoring his former inebriated state with unrestrained vigour. He began wondering where Brenda and Carlos were now, and whether, if he concentrated hard, he could will Juan's goolies to drop off. He really hated him.

'Bastard!'

This exclamation, for sheer explosive force, surpassed even his previous effort, and Mr Galbraith, innocently strolling back from lunch, lost another Polo, his throat emitting such a wonderfully varied range of distraught rasping noises that Hucklebuck marvelled at his vocal dexterity. The choking Mr Galbraith, one hand clutched to his aching larynx, and another to his bleeding nose, hurried away, not caring a toss for the dignified manner befitting chartered accountants. He'd had enough.

Having watched him go, Hucklebuck returned to his bottle, one quick swig following another until, in his bemused mind, they became 'swick quigs' and any immediate prospect of walking a straight line was an impossible dream.

But imbued with alcoholic optimism, he opted to attempt the impossible and promptly stood up. He followed this with what could be termed very loosely as steps, but which were actually a succession of desperate instinctive lunges to maintain a semblance of equilibrium.

Just as he was gaining some degree of confidence, the ground rushed up and hit him on the back of the head. He wasn't unduly surprised; these totally unprovoked assaults seemed to recur with monotonous regularity as his drinking increased... Previous attacks had included a karate chop from a kerbstone, a glancing blow from the steps outside Dorothy Perkins, and a vicious mauling from a gang of rosebushes in Highgate Cemetery.

He remained prone for several minutes,

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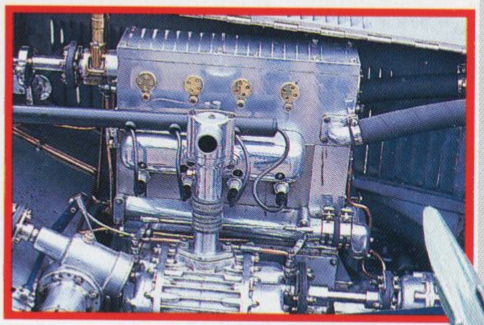
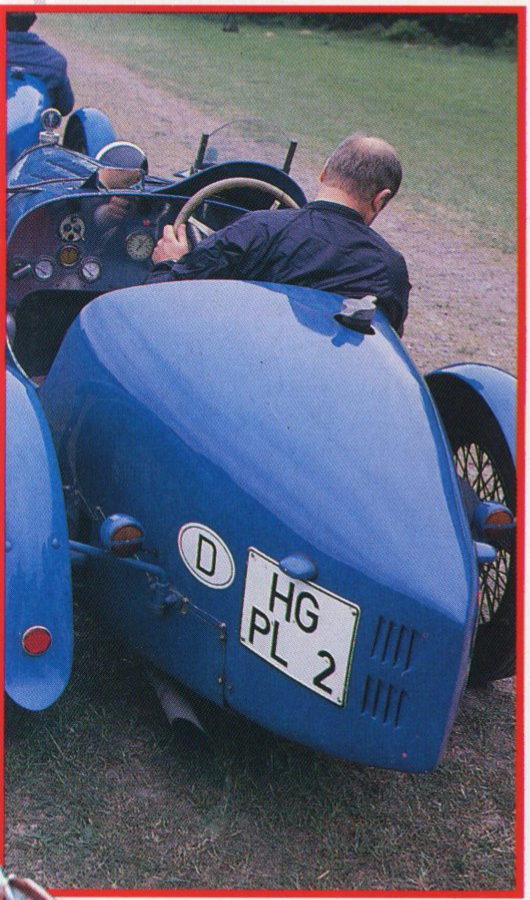
Bugatti — the name itself is magic, the car is more so! Nothing that the legendary Ettore Bugatti made was dull or undistinguished. Born in 1881 in Milan, Ettore Arco Isidoro was a quite exceptional person. A lover of horses and dogs, creator of thoroughbred if somewhat unusual cars, he got into motor engineering before he was 21, for De Dietrich. Bugatti had a remarkable eye for technical drawings, loving motor racing, at which his beautiful blue cars were to score successes envied by all, but he was a stubborn man. He ran his factory at Molsheim in France like a medieval land-owner, the works spotless, the workers there to obey, as he rode about the place on his favourite hunter, a bicycle or in an electric vehicle he had designed himself.

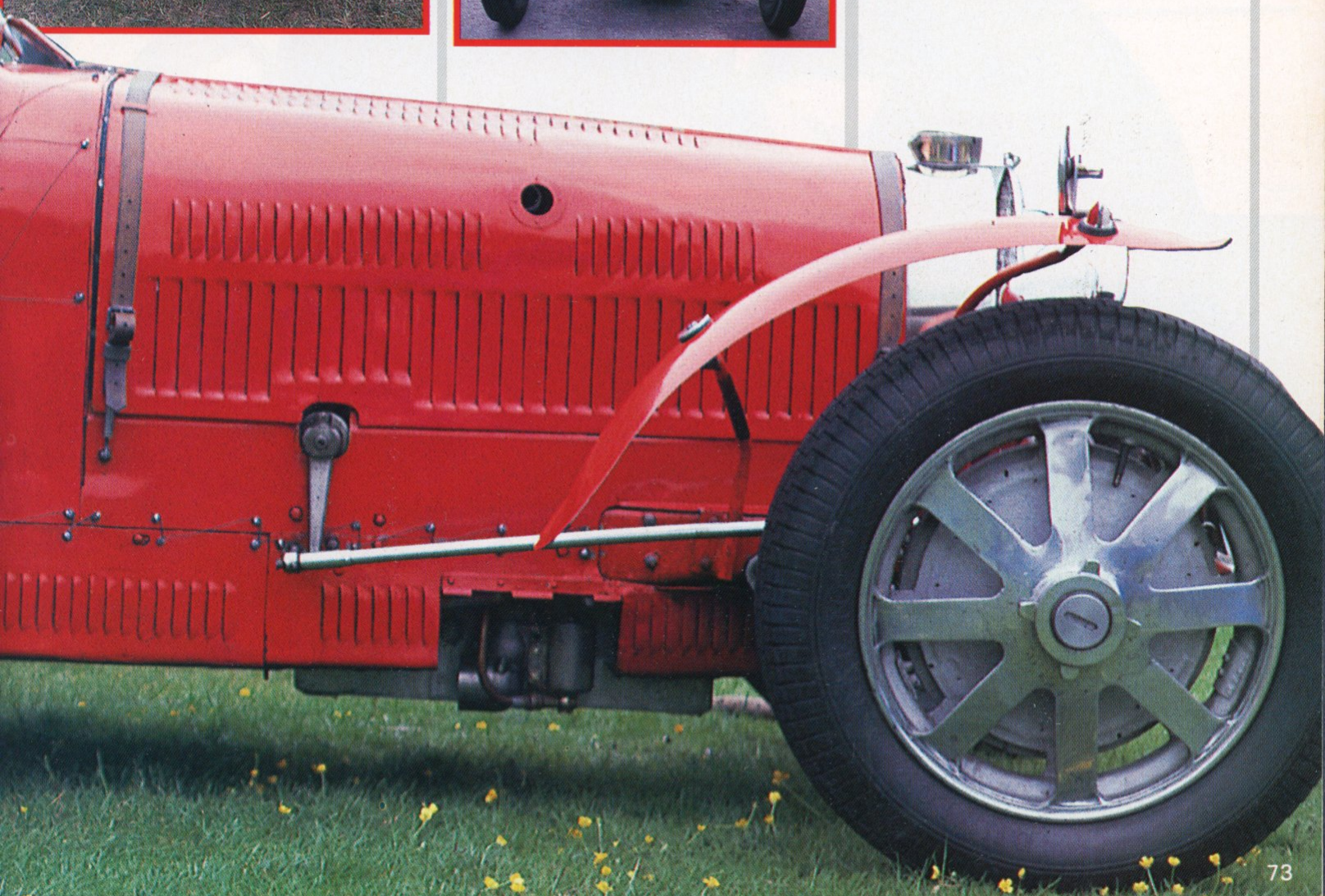
The first Bugatti car appeared in 1909/10 and down the years they became as well-known as Bentley, Vauxhall or Mercedes. They were wonderful, if difficult, to drive. Noisy and stark in Grand Prix form, they still possessed the best road clinging qualities of any car, even though they eschewed independent front suspension (instead there was Bugatti's classic tubular front axle, through which the road springs passed). The greatest racing men, from Tazio Nuvolari downwards, drove Bugattis at one time of another. Their exploits on road and track were emulated by numerous amateur enthusiasts, for Bugatti sold racing cars ready for use, so it was easy, given the money, to purchase one. In this country Sir Malcolm Campbell both sold and raced these wonderful cars from Molsheim, so Brooklands, Donington and Shelsley Walsh knew them well.

Ettore proved as stubborn in engineering as he was in outside affairs. He resisted front wheel brakes, pressure engine lubrication, hemi-head





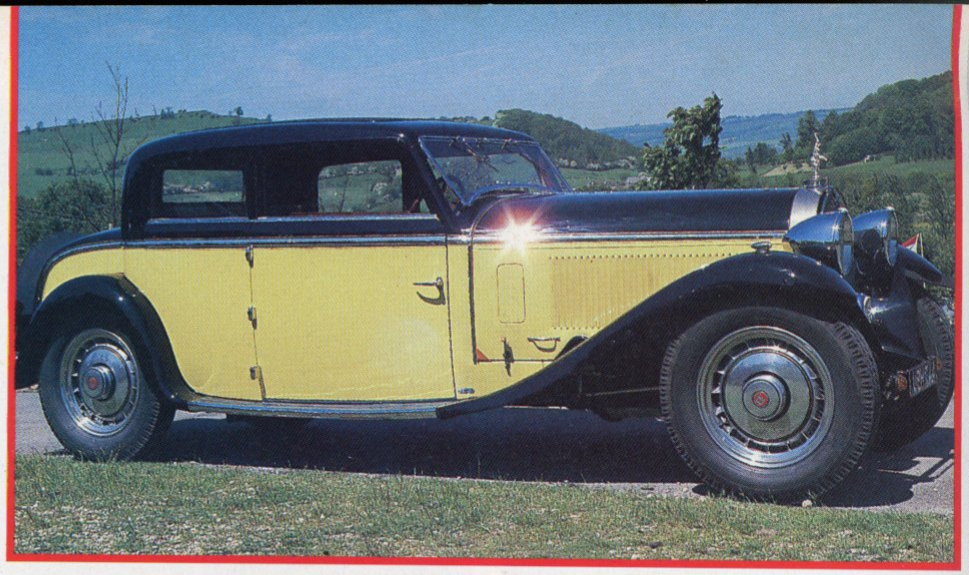
Above and below: A Type 35C Grand Prix with supercharger, in its day able to lap Brooklands at 120 mph. Top, centre and near left: Examples of the smaller T37 (in Grand Prix form top left with a close-up of the engine below it). Small picture far left: The 2.3-litre, eight-cylinder supercharged Type 55.



cylinders and supercharging until they were practically forced on him. Yet his cars, whether racers or tourers, matched the best, and they have survived in numbers to this day, fetching fabulous prices when sold at auction, and supported by Bugatti Clubs around the world.

Among the great variety of Bugattis turned out in small numbers, some of the best remembered are still active in 1980's Club rallies and races. The little 1½-litre Brescia, with 16 overhead valves in its fixed head overhead camshaft jet-lubricated engine, got its name after winning the 1921 race at Brescia. That Bugatti engine had four valves per cylinder, an arrangement that is again becoming popular in today's production saloon cars. However, it wasn't long before Ettore introduced not only his straight-eight cylinder cars but his classic idea of three vertical valves in each cylinder head, two inlets and one exhaust. Not that there hadn't been plenty of performance from the older 16 valve Brescias, which Crossley of Manchester made for a time in very small numbers. After all, Raymond Mays won cups galore in sprint competitions with his two bolster-tanked Brescia Bugattis, *Cordon Rouge* and *Cordon Bleu*, which were tuned to rev at up to 6,900 rpm, a virtually unheard of crankshaft speed in 1924.

These sports and racing Bugattis were indeed men's motors. The noise, the very quick unforgiving gear change, the weak brakes on the early models, and the stark cockpits into which Ettore thought nothing of poking one or more magnetos while omitting any trace of padding or



Below: The 3½-litre Type 57, their luxury model in later years. Left: A 3-litre Type 44. Above: A Type 46, junior version of their famous Royale. Near right: Another Type 57. Far right: A 3-litre T44.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN

After psychological torture I was ready to confess to anything my wife suggested.

The Great Escape, or how to get a weekend away from the wife

I just wanted a short break on my own. But I didn't bargain for mental torture, intensive interrogation and a granny who rinsed her false teeth in a glass

By David Williamson

'You know, dear', I said, stretching languidly, arms above my head and yawning in a way meant to imply boredom, restlessness and a subtle touch of, shall we say, frustration, 'I sometimes have the urge to feel — just for a few hours — a sense of freedom and adventure, to get away from the pressures of life, with the fresh breeze blowing and the sun on my skin in the open vastness of somewhere like the Downs. Coming back to a little cottage in the evening, a light meal, then stroll to the pub and a chat over a pint before going back to a comfortable bed and a leisurely lie-in next morning. Just two or three days — well, perhaps a week would help me recharge my batteries and come back able to appreciate our life together so much more.'

I tried to smile wearily but bravely, but couldn't quite bring myself to look her full in the face. Had I overdone it? Yes, I had. Curses! My beloved opened wide blue eyes at me over the mound of ironing, which was spilling, like loathsome multi-coloured lava, from the laundry basket and across the ironing board.

'That would be *lovely*,' she said, in the way that they have. 'We could leave the children with mother, and pack up a couple of boxes of food. We needn't take too many clothes: just casual things, and perhaps a dress and blazer and flannels for you, in case we got invited out one evening.'

(Invited out? Who in their right mind would invite a couple of scruffy loafers staying in one of the insanitary hovels advertised as 'rustic holiday homes', at exorbitant prices, at the back of civilisation? Only other scruffy loafers, is the answer. And I wouldn't want to associate with people like *that).*

'I thought,' I replied, nervously clearing my thoat, 'that it wouldn't be fair on you to take you away somewhere like that, because it would be no holiday for you — with all the cooking and cleaning to do.'

'Well, you could help me, if you wanted,' she replied brightly. 'It wouldn't seem the same anyway. Oh — do you mean we could stay in a HOTEL?' Getting excited now, flush rising in the cheeks.

'Actually, I had thought that it would do *you*

I was faintly repelled when she rinsed her false teeth in a glass after eating a raspberry tart.

good, if you know what I mean, not to have *me* under your feet for a day or two, so that *you* could have a few days doing things that *you* wanted.

You wouldn't really like it on the — on the — moors,' I said desperately, 'and the weather can be pretty grim in the spring in Yorkshire.'

'YORKSHIRE? MOORS? I thought you said the DOWNS,' she said, voice rising excitedly. 'YOU on the MOORS? Or do you man that you want to go away for a few days by yourself, getting up to goodness knows what? OH NO. You must think that I was born yesterday. That's the thin end of the wedge. What YOU mean is that you're fed up with me, and the children, and that you can't wait to get away on some boozy jaunt.'

Of course. I failed. Not surprising, since only a novice would have handled such a delicate subject so naively. Nought out of 10 for skill, 5 for effort, and 10 for sheer stupidity. Even a proposed weekend in Paris for the International, although it would have been a bitter hard-fought struggle, would in the end have received a better reception.

Warning bells ring in the female ears at the mention of such key words as HOLIDAY ALONE, COTTAGE/PUB...GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL, together with any one of RECHARGING THE BATTERIES... WORKING ON AN ACCOUNT IN PEACE AND QUIET...FISHING/WALKING/BIRDWATCHING or WRITING A BOOK. ('Couldn't seem able to get my thoughts down on paper, dear').

Let's face it, escape is very difficult.

Attempts are invariably foiled, and followed by search, intensive interrogation and often by psychological torture ('Alright, it's three o'clock in the morning, I confess to anything that you suggest, I am guilty of whatever you think. Yes, I am serious. No, I don't always say yes. Yes, I do sometimes say no, or no sometimes, or vice versa. Of course I love you. I will never attempt to go away by myself again. I agree to have the scrapings from my finger nails analysed by the Vice Squad').

Sentenced to one to two years decorating, solitary matrimonial confinement for a month, regular cheque book scrutiny, completion of weekly time sheet, and regular spot checks for life with suspicion for good conduct.

Well, fellow sufferers, that was in 1980. The heat was off by 1984, when I had the chance to visit the USA on business; a trip which (in terms of the panel game *Animal, Vegetable or Mineral*) I hoped might be described as 'Mineral with Animal connections'.

The plan was cunningly laid. I arrived home late one evening, careworn, briefcase bulging, lips pursed, brow furrowed, monosyllabic. I brushed aside the wifely kiss with a sigh. Sympathy was bound to be evoked.

By ten o'clock I thought it wise to open the conversation myself.

'You're probably wondering why I seem a little preoccupied,' I said, forcing a wan smile.

'Are you? I hadn't noticed,' she said. 'We *all* probably need a holiday; we could go camping with my sister and her family, because Gerald can't go with them this year.'

Double fault. Love fifteen.

'Well, it's not exactly a *holiday*,' I began nervously, amazed yet again by the consummate skill with which she could turn an innocuous remark to her advantage. 'But the boss wants me to go to the States for a meeting in June. Well, not exactly a meeting: more a sort of, well, a *convention*. But I'm not keen, not keen at all,' I continued hurriedly, clearing my throat. 'It would involve a sort of study tour as well, you know, Miami, California, Florida, a lot of travelling, one day here and another half way across America. I won't enjoy it: the only reason I *ought* to go, I suppose, is because we are a part of an American company and of course (voice trailing off) there *is* the prospect of promotion.'

Pause.

Visions of unlimited money and avocado pears (she always thinks rich people eat avocado pears).

'A CONVENTION!' she said shrilly, accelerating from 0 to 60 in about 4 seconds.

Unfortunately, the American electoral process, democratic (in the widest sense) that it might be, had done single disservice to people wanting to attend conventions. Similar scenes of unbridled debauchery swam before our eyes, although our reactions were poles apart.

'I can't really take you, dear,' I said, 'It wouldn't be fair to YOU. You wouldn't enjoy it: me busy at meetings all day, lectures every evening, high pressure marketing from morning to night. Conventions are really very boring, very boring.'

I am always impressed by the speed and fluency with which she gets into her stride from a hopeless defensive position, half asleep and ragged from a day of toil. She advanced to the net and smashed my best serves out of sight, as I

turn to page 94

She pretended not to be expecting me, but I saw her smile.

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continued from page 86

The Great Escape

cowered defenceless behind the umpire's chair.

Well, of course, I did manage to go to the convention. Yes, it was very much as I had hoped. Drinks, parties, girls laid on. My girl, unfortunately, was a homely soul: a grandmother with a married daughter in Birmingham, England. She showed me photographs of them all at home in Erdington.

She certainly had a good figure, considering her age. Whether it was all real I had no chance to ascertain, with relations on this comfortable level. Perhaps this was just as well: I was faintly repelled anyway by the way she once washed her false teeth in a glass of soda after eating a seedy raspberry tart, which in some strangely fascinating way had also left ineradicable traces on the faint bristly moustache, with which she had once perfunctorily brushed my cheek.

Her unavailing attempts to hitch her ample bosom to a constant level even left me grateful to Irene in Erdington for having unwittingly helped to raise our relationship to this platonic level. I was so dispirited that I even swapped addresses, secure on reflection in the knowledge that even my wife would not suspect this comfortable figure in sensible shoes of being a post convention hooker. It would have been rather like turning up at Ascot in a dustcart.

Alas, the price of my convention attendance was a holiday with my wife in the States. But it wasn't too much to pay for a brief spell of freedom.

She flew over to join me, and we had an idyllic fortnight, touring the hotter and sweatier parts of the Deep South. Prickly heat struck early: the finding of Irene's mother's business card confirmed the imagery with which my visit had already been invested, and my protestations that she was an elderly widow, whom I had befriended, were dismissed with an imperious backhand smash.

One set to nil.

It was an impressive and expensive failure. Escape was apparently not to be. But I never gave up hope. Last year I took courage, marched into the kitchen, and told her firmly that I was going away on a fishing holiday the following week.

'Are you, dear? That will be nice,' she said.

'Yes, well, I AM.' I shouted, turning sharply and walking into the side of the door.

But I couldn't settle. The weather was superb, the scenery was marvellous, and the slender, rich thirty-five blonde American lady staying at the same pub, whose elderly husband was on business in London, was hanging on my every word just ready for the advances, which would never be repelled.

But I kept thinking, 'WHY did she let me go? What is she doing?'

I packed and went home on the Friday. As I walked through the door I saw her in the kitchen, bending damply over the stove, her rear rather fetchingly outlined by tight, faded jeans.

'Hello dear,' she said. 'I wasn't expecting you until the weekend.'

'Oh, I couldn't really settle without you, I suppose,' I said gruffly, placing a casual kiss on her pink cheek. She turned towards the stove: and I fancy that I saw a faint smile playing at the corners of her lips.

Game, set and match.

BUGATTI

BLUE BLOODED RACERS

upholstery, were in keeping with the vivid acceleration and high speeds obtainable. But although the in-line eight cylinder engines were the basis of later racing Bugattis, the Molsheim genius did not altogether neglect his quieter customers. The Type 44 was a comparatively docile motor-car, and was endowed with closed bodywork for those who wanted their speedy magic allied to comfort. A well-known motoring writer, who had owned more than one difficult-to-tame 16-valver, was so surprised at the smoothness, the flexibility, and the top-gear running of a fabric saloon Type 44 3-litre Bugatti he compared it to his wife at the zoo, when confronted by the hippopotamus — she just wouldn't believe it.

The classic straight-eight Bugatti was the Type 35, with its very beautiful racing pointed-tail body and those wonderful aluminium, broad-spoked wheels that were so typical of Ettore. These 2-litre and 2.3-litre cars came in various forms, the 35Cs having a compressor or supercharger — a pump to drive more gas into the engine — and were true racing automobiles, fully deserving their Grand Prix title. Not only were they very quick, able to lap Brooklands track at well over 120 mph, but the whole car was splendidly balanced and the finish of the engine made those of most other cars look decidedly crude. The rectangular cylinder block and valve cover of a Bugatti were as much a Molsheim hallmark as the tubular front axle, alloy wheels, and reversed quarter-ellipic back springs.

Bugatti used to offer a sports model similar in specification to his racing models. Thus the Type 43 was an undisguised racing type, four-seater fast tourer, virtually a road-equipped Grand Prix model, suitable for sports-car races such as the Ulster TT, the Brooklands' 'Double-Twelve' etc, and favoured by Earl Howe, Sir Malcolm Campbell, and others of that calibre. The big fuel tank in the pointed tail was apt to collapse and set the car on fire though, and Campbell lost his uninsured Type 43 that way.

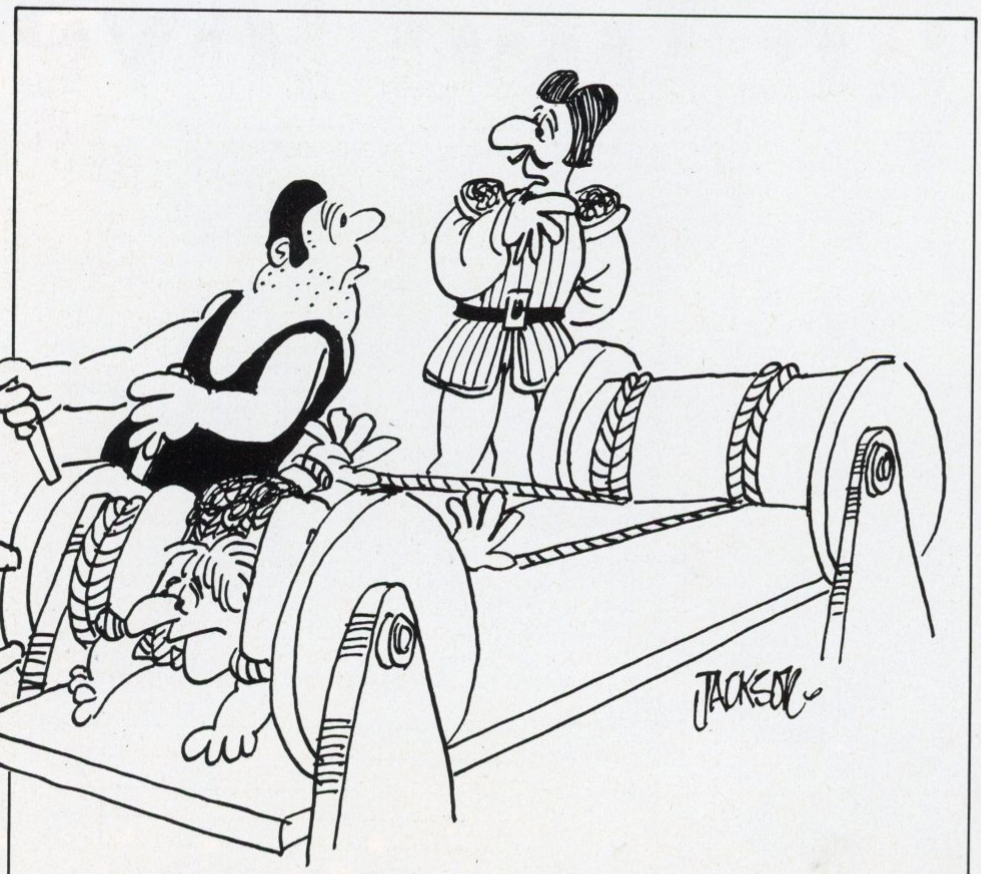
Those who could not aspire to an eight-cylinder racing Bugatti, were catered for by the Type 37. It had a four-cylinder 12 valve engine of similar classic configuration to that of the bigger cars, and was sold ready to race or hill-climb. You could buy one of these delectable little Grand Prix Bugattis for £525 in 1927, and the fastest of them all, in supercharged guise, driven by test-pilot Chris Staniland, went round the old Brooklands motor course in 1929 at just better than 122 mph. Quick! The four seater touring version of the Type 37 — if you can call any Bugatti a *touring* car — was the Type 40, much the same in outward design, of which 830 were made all told.

Although Ettore Bugatti stuck with his three-valve-per-cylinder head for a long time (almost too long perhaps, because it presented valve-cooling problems) in the end he turned to the sort of twin-overhead-camshaft, two-valve-per-cylinder engines which other racing-car engineers had been using since about 1922. Rumour says he took a look at some American Miller racing cars which had come to his factory, before drawing up a very similar twin-cam engine. It went into the celebrated Type 51 Grand Prix Bugatti, and the sports version, the exciting Type 55. A top form Type 51 was a 130 mph motor-car, with all the charm and the thrills so ably dispensed by the Molsheim make. The engine size was 2.3-litres, like that of the Type 35B and the blown Type 35C, but the improved breathing of the two-valve hemispherical heads improved performance. For many, a good Type 55 Bug was the best road-burner around if they could afford £1,350 in 1933.

The artistic Ettore Bugatti could turn his factory to making most things. They ranged from aeroplane engines, marine engines and a steam engine, to in 1927 an electric-powered miniature of the GP cars, for children whose parents could afford the £60 it cost in those times. The ultimate in Bugattis was the gigantic Royale or Golden Bugatti, a monster that dwarfed even a Phantom Rolls-Royce. It has a 125 x 130 mm. 12-litre power unit of the expected eight cylinder, 24-valve, oh-camshaft pattern with a two-speed-plus-overdrive gearbox in the back axle. Riding on 6.75 x 36 tyres and 20 feet 6 inches long, this remarkable Bugatti made the rest of the luxury limousines look like toys. It burst on an astonished motoring world in 1928 but was not the success 'Le Patron' had hoped for, although 25 were made, including the prototype, only six were sold. The spare engines were used to power rail cars. As remarkable as the Royale itself, all six have survived and by a stupendous feat of persuasion, paperwork, and insurance all came together at a rally at Palm Beach in America last year.

Those who could not have a Royale, or maybe didn't care for one, had other luxury models to attract them. The Type 46, for instance, which had a 5-litre engine and a three-speed back axle, being rather like a junior Royale. With a supercharger, as the 46S, this was a rapid, handsome, and comfortable carriage. Said to be Ettore's favourite, some 400 were made, lasting into the 1930s, when the twin-cam Type 50 replaced it. In later days the luxury model of the Bugatti marque was the Type 57, which made full use of the data obtained from making the double-camshaft Types 51 and 55. A Type 57 often carried closed bodywork, which its 3.3-litre engine (eight 'pots', of course!) was able to make light of. Yet Molsheim could not leave it there. Who will forget those exotic Atlantic and Atlantic coupé bodies on this chassis, which by 1938 had hydraulic brakes. The catalogue jobs started in 1934 and were improved in 1936 with a Roots blower (the 57C). Also in 1936, a short-chassis tuned version (the 57S) arrived at the Paris Salon, with those wondrous complex de Ram shock-absorbers. Eventually there was a Series-3 Type 57 but the sparkling one was the 57SC, a combination of the sports chassis with a supercharger, to turn Ettore's town-carriage into a 125 mph car.

There were other Bugattis, all equally delectable. Today they delight the discerning and, like famous paintings and jewels, represent a king's ransom when auctioned. And long may they survive!



'I see you haven't got the hang of clockwise and anti-clockwise.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

We have just heard that a rival publishing company is planning to produce a new men's magazine purely for husbands. It will have many of the features found in *Mayfair*, but the centre girl will always be the same.

The consultant surgeon was showing a new doctor around the hospital. After a while, they stopped at a ward with a large notice on the door reading, 'Incurable Diseases'.
'Dr Proctor,' said the surgeon, 'this will be the ward you are responsible for.'
'How many patients are there?' asked the eager medico.
'Just the one,' replied the surgeon.
'What's he suffering from?'
'A particularly nasty combination of AIDS, rabies and legionaire's disease,' said the consultant.
'Really? How rare!' gasped the doctor. 'How is he being treated?'
'We're giving him a special diet of bacon, anchovy pizza and melba toast smeared with salmon mousse.'
'I see, and does that seem to be working?' asked the new boy.
'Not really,' replied the surgeon, 'but they're the only things that'll slide underneath the door.'

Comment from an exclusive interview with Snow White:
'When I dreamed of having seven inches, I never thought they would be one at a time.'

The Royal Navy has just announced a replacement for the Sea Harrier, an aeroplane so sophisticated that it doesn't even need to start up its engines to take off. Instead, the aircraft carrier accelerates to 700 mph, then stops suddenly.

There's a barrister girl we admire
Who fills the whole court with desire.
To our intents and beliefs
She never bothers with briefs.
No wonder the judge wants to try her.

An elderly farmer went to his GP and explained that he would rather like to perk up his sex life, and asked if there was anything he could take. The doctor gave him some tablets but warned him that they were rather strong.
On his way home, the farmer felt a little nervous about the new pills, and decided that it might be better to try them out on his livestock first. So, he dropped one into his prize bull's feed.
A little later on, he let the bull out with the cows, and could hardly believe his eyes. Within the space of fifteen minutes, he watched the bull mate with all ten cows, and obviously still want more. The farmer took the pills out of his pocket, and was so terrified by their effect, he threw them down his old well.
A few days later, the farmer bumped into the doctor in the High Street.
'How did those pills I work?' he asked.
The farmer explained what had happened.
'Oh in that case,you'd better let me have them back,' suggested the doctor.
'Well actually I threw them down my old well,' said the farmer.
'What if somebody drinks the water?'
'Chance would be a fine thing,' smiled the farmer. 'We haven't been able to get the pump handle down for five days.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

What do female health food fanatics call their pubic hair?
Organic dental floss.

A rather innocent young man was picked up by a well-built blonde in his local bar. Quite what she saw in him remains a mystery but none-the-less she made all the running, and after a few fizzy lagers took him to her room.
'Go on, take me!' demanded the blonde peeling off a tight teeshirt. 'You have got a condom on you, haven't you?'
'Well, actually, er no,' stammered the young man.
'Oh, in that case let's try a 69,' said the blonde enthusiastically.
'I'm sorry,' replied the man nervously, 'but what's a 69?'
'Here I'll show you.'
With that the blonde stripped off the remains of her clothes, climbed on top of him, and started to undo his zip. Her cherry red lips were just touching his increasingly enthusiastic member when the hastily drunk lager took its effect on the girl in a most embarrassing manner. In short the wind blew in strongly from the south.
'Oooh urrgg!' coughed the young man immediately removing his face from such close proximity. The girl apologised and carried on. Her lips parted again and she was just taking him in her mouth when another postern blast rent the air.
'Ooooh urgg!' spluttered the young man again, climbing out from between her open legs. 'If you think I can put up with another 67 of those you're very much mistaken.'

Did you hear about the gay bank robber?
He tied up the safe and blew the man behind the counter.

THE MOMENTS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

Even to the most experienced of lovers, sex never quite loses its capacity to surprise or even shock. That aspect of the unpredictable can bring excitement to what may first appear to be the most unpromising of erotic encounters. This month Quest interviews three people whose sex lives received unexpected benefits from the element of surprise.

PERSONAL FILE
Name . . . . Withheld
Sex . . . . Female
Age . . . . 40 years
Town of Origin . . . . Barry
Other details . . . . This well-proportioned blonde had a daughter at the age of 18, and a marriage that ended in divorce at 29. Now living with a boyfriend, she works part-time as a barmaid.

Quest: Were you surprised when your daughter's boyfriend tried to seduce you?
Barmaid: Now I don't know who seduced who, but I'm sure what happened was a surprise for both of us. And, anyway, he was an arrogant little sod. I wanted to teach him a lesson.
Quest: Because he was arrogant?
Barmaid: Because he thought he could shock me. Well, I gave him a big surprise!
Quest: Tell me about him.
Barmaid: He had the looks, alright, lovely body too. He wasn't going to win any prizes for charm, but I could see what got Julia going. That was the problem. Twenty years ago a bloke like that could have twisted me round his little finger, and made my life a misery. I could see he was selfish enough to do the same to my Jools.
Quest: So you didn't get on?
Barmaid: No — not that it bothered him. What irritated me most was that he tried to flirt.
Quest: Did he find you attractive?
Barmaid: He was the kind of bloke who'd try his luck with any female. Jools didn't see that, of course, and I couldn't tell her. I was still surprised, though, how far he did go with me.
Quest: What did he do exactly?
Barmaid: He was supposed to be taking Julia out to some posh club opening he'd got an invite to, but they had to leave early to get there. Matt didn't think he'd have time to go home and

change out of his work clothes. So he was going to take his glad rags into work, come to my place straight from work, tidy up and change, ready for when Julia came home. She finished later. To be honest, though, I'd forgotten all about it until Matt turned up at half four in the afternoon, expecting to jump into my shower.

Quest: Why?

Barmaid: Bob and I — he's my boyfriend now — were going through a bad patch. He was having a fling with this young girl. I'd only just met him, so I'd no right to make a fuss. But we'd still had a big row about it the night before.

Quest: Had you had sex with him?

Barmaid: We'd been away for the weekend. He'd even bought me this gorgeous silk lingerie set to wear for it. But he was still seeing his young tart. I'd only got up after midday with a dreadful hangover. I wasn't even dressed yet. All I'd done was wallow in the bath, and nurse a couple of gins. I was supposed to be getting ready to go out with Bob that evening, but I really didn't expect him to show. Finding Matt on my doorstep was the last straw. He was so cocky — you'd think he was doing *me* a favour. If it hadn't been for Julia I'd have happily brained him.

Quest: Go on.

Barmaid: I went back to my gin in the kitchen, and let him get on with it. Then, twenty minutes or so later, he called downstairs for a towel. I called back, saying where I thought I'd left one. That didn't seem to work, so I had to tramp upstairs. The bathroom door was ajar. I couldn't hear the shower. Then the door jerked open, and he was standing there without a stitch on, hair streaming with water, rubbing his crotch with my smallest hand towel. He just grinned at me, and said, 'This won't even cover the bit that matters.'

Quest: How did you react?

Barmaid: It takes more than a cheap joke from a half naked man — however gorgeous he is — to throw me. I told him to stay where he was, and I'd look in my bedroom. I went down the landing, and began rummaging in my chest of drawers. All of a sudden a voice behind me says, 'What about these on the basket?' But those were old dirty ones and as I turned round to tell him I saw him dropping the little towel on top. Then he stood up, grinning at me, and said, 'Might as well finish the pile.'

Quest: So he was now completely naked?

Barmaid: Yes, and he wasn't bothering to cover himself. He wanted me to get an eyeful.

Quest: And was it?

Barmaid: Let's say I've seen some fellows that size when they're stiff. He wasn't grotesque, or anything — just very thick, which is where it counts, of course — at least at my age!

Quest: Where you shocked that he'd shown himself that way?

Barmaid: Yes, I was. I knew that's what he wanted, of course, but I didn't think he'd go that far. I knew he didn't give a damn what I thought, but I was still his girlfriend's mother.

Quest: Did you think he was making a pass?

Barmaid: It crossed my mind — along with the thought that he might not even bother to ask! But his face was as bright and breezy as ever, daring me to blow my stack. I was damned if I'd give him that satisfaction. So I told him there should be towels in the airing cupboard in the kitchen. He said fine, and trotted downstairs. He was laughing when he came back up, with a towel round his shoulder. 'Think I gave your neighbour a surprise,' he said. 'Should do wonders for your reputation.' 'I can't say there's been a shortage of naked men in this house,' I told him, and he laughed even louder.

Quest: Where were you by now?

Barmaid: On the landing again. He went back into the bathroom, but left the door wide open, and simply began rubbing himself down, chatting away, and making no effort to cover his privates. So I stood and watched him. I thought, 'Two can play at this game — you're not going to make me feel a fool in my own house.' Then he started pulling towel back and forth between his legs, and I could feel the colour rise up my neck, and I knew I could never beat him — not on his terms. That's when the telephone rang downstairs, and that call decided what happened.

Quest: How?

Barmaid: It was Julia. She couldn't get home till after seven. She wanted me to square it with Matt, so I said I would. Then I went back upstairs, into my bedroom, and got out Bob's lingerie set. I took my dressing gown off and slipped the knickers on, and the suspender belt, and the nylons — everything except the bra. Then I picked up a couple of other items, and walked straight into the bathroom, pulling my bra cups onto my boobs as I went, and asking Matt to clip me up. He still hadn't got a stitch on, and his face was a picture!

Quest: You succeeded in surprising him?

Barmaid: I flummoxed him. As soon as he'd fastened me I gave him a twirl, told him it was Bob's present and asked him what he thought. His jaw was nearly on the floor. 'Do you think it'll drive him wild?' I said. 'Or would this be better?' And I lifted up one of my favourite baby doll tops, shrugged it over my head, unclipped my bra and pulled down the top. The thing was virtually transparent, and my boobs are my best asset — not even Julia can better me there.

Quest: How did Matthew react?

Barmaid: In the nicest possible way — as far as I was concerned. As far as he was concerned, he got a swift lesson in sexual manners: if you're going to show off your pride and joy you better make sure you've got control of it.

Quest: He had an erection?

Barmaid: He had a couple of very distinct twitches, and by the look on his face a lot more was on the way. 'Lovely,' he said, 'but I've got to rush.' And he made a dive for his pants, but I caught his arm, and he swung back and bounced into my chest. That's when I grabbed the top and yanked it over my head. 'Or do you think I'm better just being myself?' And I smiled at him and joggled my bare boobs in his face. It must have looked like a French farce!

Quest: Go on.

Barmaid: Matt just crumbled — anyone else I'd have almost felt sorry for. He snatched up the baby doll and started pushing it frantically over my breasts, trying to cover me up. 'For Chrissake,' he snapped, 'Jool s'll be here any second!' 'She's seen my boobs before now,' I said. 'On the other hand, she might be a bit worried about her boyfriend showing her mother what a lovely big cock he's got. That might give any girl the wrong idea —' Matt's face went pale. I felt something warm and hard nudge my thigh, and I looked down. He was enormous. He hadn't got much thicker, but he looked half as long again, and as stiff as a rolling pin. I hadn't got an erection like that out of a man in a good ten years. No way was I going to throw it away!

Quest: Did you make the first move toward bed?

Barmaid: He was like putty. 'Come on, love,' I said. 'Come and lie down in the bedroom.' It was like leading a lamb to the slaughter. 'For God's sake,' he kept saying, 'what about Julia? — there's no time —' 'Let me worry about Julia,' I told him, easing him toward the mattress. And every time his feet dragged I'd reach down and slide the tip of my finger along the bottom of that gorgeous red flagpole he had sticking out in front of him, until he gave another great twitch and a gasp. I virtually laid him out on the bed.

Quest: How soon did you have intercourse?

Barmaid: As son as he had a condom on! I even did that for him. Then I told him to lie back, and I slipped out my knickers, and climbed on top, and guided him into me.

Quest: You didn't need any further foreplay?

Barmaid: You're joking! I'd have eaten him alive if I'd waited another couple of seconds! I just wanted to be full of him. And I was!

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Barmaid: Very satisfactorily. He woke up a bit, thank God, as soon as he got his hands on my boobs, and, after that, were away. When I'm that excited I find it very easy to come — and it doesn't stop with one. We even managed to roll over halfway through, and finish with him on top!

Quest: But it didn't change your view of Matthew?

Barmaid: Hardly. To be honest, I felt ashamed of myself. I think even he did a bit. Thank God, he had enough sense to keep it to himself, and within a month he and Julia had finished. I still have a quiet shudder thinking what might have happened if it had all come out. Let's call it a surprising encounter I'll certainly never forget.

Quest: Thank you.

'Come on, love,' I said to him. 'Come and lie down in the bedroom'

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE
Name....Withheld
Sex....Male
Age....26 years
Town of Origin....
Edinburgh
Other details....This interviewee studied biochemistry at university and now works for a pharmaceutical company. He lives with his fiancée.

Quest: Have you found surprise to be an important element of your sex life?
Biochemist: The best example has to be a night I spent with this German girl. Attractive, a long, tall brunette, quite forceful, which I don't mind. Her English was good, but not perfect, which probably made things worse, because we spent the entire evening under total mutual misapprehensions. The outcome was a complete surprise to both of us.
Quest: I assume you mean sex?
Biochemist: We went to bed, yes, but I really never expected to. I mean, I fancied her, but I got the impression she couldn't stand me. In fact, she thought I was gay.
Quest: How did she form that impression?
Biochemist: A combination of circumstances. Gisela was a researcher from one of our European labs, seconded temporarily. There aren't that many women in my field. All the guys were sniffing after her. I wasn't, mainly because I was very busy. I was also stony broke for various reasons — I couldn't afford to take her out. On top of that, the fellow I was working most closely with *was* gay. That obviously got her wondering, and then a very good pal of mine, who also fancied her rotten, let drop that I wasn't really in the running where women were concerned. He claimed he was only joking with her, but she didn't see the joke, and neither did I.
Quest: So how did you put her right?
Biochemist: I asked her out, when I'd sorted myself, and got a very poor response. I thought I'd upset her somehow, without realising it. Or she'd taken an instant, physical dislike to me. Then, one evening, we had a departmental outing — entertaining some visiting technical people. Only a restaurant meal, then a few drinks in the pub. No one really wanted to hang about, because the guests weren't exactly livewires. But Gisela and I got buttonholed by one of them, so we were the only three left. Then finally the guest went, and we were on our own.
Quest: How did it go?
Biochemist: I liked her company, but I couldn't really understand why she hung on. She didn't seem at ease. I had the odd feeling she was making a deliberate effort with me, like you do with a batty relative. She started asking me about my social life, whether it caused my any difficulties. I hadn't the faintest idea what she was talking about. But I only made things worse, without realising it, by mentioning a relationship I'd had which had broken up a few months before. I'd lived with this girl called Evelyn. Of course, I didn't realise that the only English 'Evelyn' Gisela knew about was Evelyn Waugh the novelist — a fellow. So when I said 'Evelyn' she assumed the worst. Then she began telling me about this German fellow she'd been engaged to, who'd discovered he was gay. She'd been in love with him, and they'd been to bed together, and had intercourse, but the fellow had finally decided he'd be living a lie if he stayed, and they'd broken up.
Quest: How frankly did she speak?
Quest: Very — really. Obviously she didn't know all the polite euphemisms, but it was still a slightly bizarre experience chatting to a fanciable girl about her ex-fiancé having 'a very firm erection, but a big problem in making an ejaculation in my vagina. I had to give him a lot of help. He most like to make love in the rearward position — is that how you say it in English?'. With an English girl I'd have thought this was either a very odd lady, or she was suggesting something naughty. Which is why I accepted an offer of coffee at her place.
Quest: Did you think she was offering sex?
Biochemist: I was prepared to be pleasantly surprised, but I honestly thought the odds were against it.
Quest: Go on.
Biochemist: I drove her back to her flat. It was tiny. The divan was obviously the bed too. She started making coffee in the kitchen, and after a while I followed her in. She didn't seem to want to come back into the lounge, presumably because it meant sharing the divan; there wasn't anywhere else to sit. We drank our coffee standing up, chatted, but she seemed more and more tense. I didn't see why she didn't just throw me out if I made her that uncomfortable. Then I went over to her to give her my empty mug, and I brushed her arm, and she practically jumped. So, on impulse, I leaned over and kissed her.
Quest: How did she respond?
Biochemist: I half expected her to slap my face. First she went stiff as a board, until I reached my arm round her, and then she softened. It was actually quite a pleasant kiss. But when we came up for air she said, 'You don't have to do this, you know. I don't expect it.' I'd no idea what she meant. Kissing attractive women has never been a particular hardship to me. I thought of saying so, but it seemed a better idea to kiss her again. But, as I bent again, she put her hand against my chest and said, 'I could help you, if you wanted me to. You needn't be afraid to ask.'
Quest: What did you say?
Biochemist: I didn't know what to say. Then she finally managed a smile. 'You're welcome to stay the tonight,' she said. 'My bed is more comfortable than it looks.' That was enough for me. I'd obviously done something right. Then she became quite brisk. She told me to get ready in the kitchen, and give her five minutes in the lounge. So I duly stripped, rinsed my parts in the sink and thanked God for the condom I kept in my wallet. Then she called me in. She'd folded out the divan into a small double, which was encouraging, and she was lying in it under a duvet. She patted the mattress beside her, and I trotted in with a tea towel round my waist, and slipped in next to her. From what I could see her boobs looked a lovely shape, not enormous but nicely rounded, and I was about to go into another clinch and test their firmness by touch, when she asked me if I'd done this before. I was so surprised I didn't answer. She simply nodded and said, 'Don't worry — I'll do everything — you just lie still and relax.' Who could refuse an invitation like that?
Quest: Presumably not you?
Biochemist: I was fascinated. Obviously Teutonic bonking was very female dominant. It was a nice change. So I rolled onto my back, and lay there. She sat up, pushing back the duvet, and giving me a look at her bare boobs. Then she started stroking me, very lightly, with her fingertips, starting at the neck and working slowly down. It was gorgeous.
Quest: Did you have an erection?
Biochemist: Not immediately. Partly deliberately, partly because it was such an odd, unsettling situation. She skirted my cock, anyway, on the first pass, then she seemed to circle back to it — I couldn't see what she was doing from where I was. Finally she slipped her hand under my shaft, and slowly began stroking my foreskin. There was no way I couldn't react to that. As soon as I twitched she chuckled, 'That's good! I think you like that.' I had to agree with her. She began stroking more vigorously, actively wanking me, and I went up like a rocket. She started laughing, and I had to lift my head to see why. 'This is marvellous,' she grinned at me. 'You have a lovely erection — very firm, very large, too. I think I'm most flattered.' It was almost like being congratulated on becoming a father. I said I was the one who ought to be flattered. Then for the first time I saw what

'That's good!' she smiled, stroking me. 'I think you like that'

looked like a twinkle in her eye. She said, 'I think, to keep it firm, I would like to suck it. You don't mind?' I told her to be my guest, So she tossed her hair back, licked her lips and I felt this superb, satiny dampness descend over my cock. She did it beautifully — I was sweating. But then she stopped.

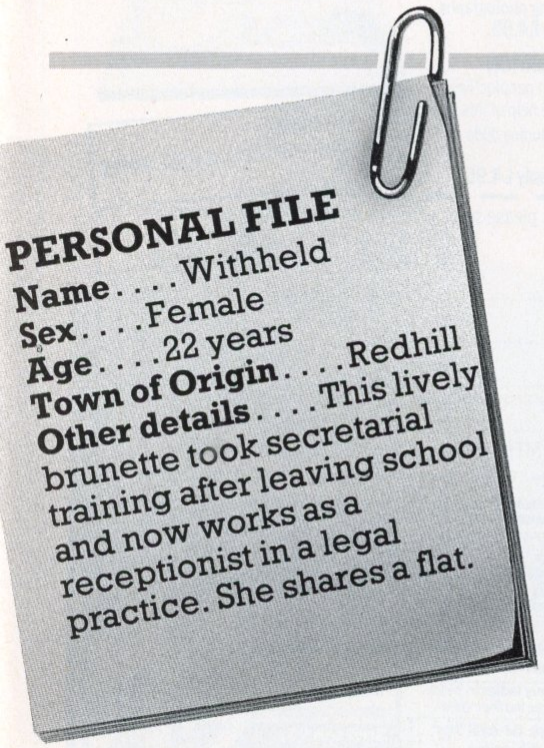
Quest: Why?

Biochemist: She said, 'I should stop now or I will make you come. I think you're doing so well we should have intercourse. But don't be afraid if you don't want to now. You won't offend me.' I said I thought I'd take the risk. She even fetched the condom for me, though she left me to put it on. But, after that, there was no question about who was going to be on top. She straddled my legs, and pulled herself up onto my thighs. For the first time she actually looked apprehensive. 'If you don't ejaculate,' she said, 'it doesn't matter. It's not so important for a woman. Often, with my boyfriends, I can't tell when the man has come, unless he makes a loud moan. I'm going to put you in me now.' And she rose on her knees, grasped me and eased the tip between her lips. Then down she sank as I pushed up into her. She sighed and said, 'I'll move quickly, OK? So you don't lose your hardness.' And she was suddenly bouncing about on my shaft as if her life depended on it — I thought the ceiling had fallen in — but it felt incredible. I had this vision of bare boobs wobbling over me, this hot, red excited face. Then I felt her hand squeezing under my bottom, inching towards my anus. But she never made it. I went off like a fire cracker, groaning fit to burst, and with each spasm she gasped too. Then she was sprawling on me, shuddering violently, and it was over.

Quest: When did you sort things out?

Biochemist: Afterwards she said something like, 'There, women are not so bad for you, I think.' I said I'd never doubted it. That was when she asked me straight out if I was gay. I just burst out laughing. She was a bit muffed for a while. She obviously thought I'd deliberately made a fool of her. But we sorted things eventually. We went out for nearly a year, actually. It's still probably the most surprising evening I've ever had — very enjoyably so.

Quest: Thank you.



Quest: Would you say you're good at judging how people will react to you sexually?

Receptionist: Mostly, I think. Sometimes, though, people get such bizarre ideas that you just can't guess.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Receptionist: The most extreme happened with a girl I shared a room with in my first flat. God knows what Melanie thought of me. She obviously assumed we had a great deal in common.

Quest: What was she like?

Receptionist: Very nice, most of the time. She could be marvellous company, very funny. She was pretty too, though she dressed a bit tartily, which I thought spoilt her. She liked being outrageous, anyway. I admired her for that. She seemed to be doing all the things I wanted to do and was too shy to. At least, I thought that before I found out what she was really like.

Quest: What was she really like?

Receptionist: She was a prostitute.

Quest: She brought clients back to your flat?

Receptionist: No, she wasn't completely professional like that. But she hired herself out for sexual things.

Quest: What sort of sexual things?

Receptionist: Photographic modelling — in the nude — for camera clubs. They weren't professionals or anything — just ordinary blokes with instamatics.

Quest: Lots of perfectly respectable girls model for amateurs — even in the nude. You're being a bit harsh to compare them to prostitutes.

Receptionist: It wasn't just clubs. She used to go to private homes, too, and do it for one or two men on their own. That was the worst part.

Quest: Why?

Receptionist: This is *really* embarrassing. When she was posing, she'd let the fellow taking the pictures play with himself — masturbate — in front of her. And, if she liked him, she might finish him off in her hand, or even let him do it in her mouth.

Quest: She wouldn't have intercourse with these men?

Receptionist: No, because her boyfriend always went with her, in case anyone got carried away.

Quest: Her boyfriend watched her perform oral sex on strangers?

Receptionist: I think Jed got quite a thrill out of it. Don't ask me why!

Quest: This is all something Melanie told you?

Receptionist: When she got drunk once, but I believed her. She always told the truth when she was sloshed. I knew she was capable of going completely over the top, from my own experience.

Quest: What was that?

Receptionist: Within the first fortnight I moved in, when I didn't know her that well. I nearly left because of it.

Quest: Go on.

Receptionist: One Saturday night I hadn't been going out, so I went to bed early. At about three in the morning these noises woke me up. It was Melanie and Jed on the other bed.

Quest: Doing what?

Receptionist: Making love. They hadn't even turned the light out, just put Melanie's bedside lamp on the floor. They were on top of the bed, in full view, and neither of them had any clothes on. They were doing everything too. It's a bit much being woken up to see some strange bloke being stroked and licked by your room mate!

Quest: What did you do?

Receptionist: I just put my head under the duvet and tried to ignore them, which was a bit difficult with all the moaning and gasping Melanie was doing. I was really disgusted with her, and even more with myself, because you can't be unaffected when *that's* going on right next to you. In the morning Mel was terribly apologetic, saying she'd only invited Jed to share the bed, and he'd got turned on, and she hadn't been able to stop him. But I knew that was tosh, because you don't go to bed with someone in the nude if you're trying to turn them off, and you certainly don't go on having sex with them for nearly two hours! But after that Melanie either stayed at Jed's place, or they used the lounge, and Melanie and I got on a lot better.

'I was kissing him, pressing myself against him, pulling him onto the floor'

Quest: So you were surprised she thought you wouldn't mind her behaving like that?

Receptionist: I *was*, but she probably just didn't care then. I think she did later, though, when she told me about the modelling. That was another shock evening.

Quest: What happened?

Receptionist: She went out with Jed one Friday. I remember because I was expecting Tom, my boyfriend, to call round. He'd been on a student

trip to Germany for a month, and he was due back either late that night or first thing in the morning. I'd told him to come straight round from the airport. I didn't want to miss another night if I could help it! So I stayed up for the late film. I'd expected Mel and Jed to go back to Jed's place, but just as the film finished, Mel came back, on her own, obviously quite tiddly. She insisted I have a drink with her — you couldn't say no to Mel in that mood. We both ended up sprawling on my bed, sipping horrible brandy. That's when she told me what she got up to. She'd been doing it that evening.

Quest: What exactly?

Receptionist: Apparently she'd been posing for some fellows from a rugby club — only about three or four, I think — but they'd all been pretty drunk. She'd taken all her clothes off, then one of the fellows had insisted on stripping off too, and posing with her. According to Melanie, he'd been 'gorgeous, a Viking god — and built like a stallion.'

Quest: Implying he had a large erection?

Receptionist: Oh Mel was very graphic about that! She said she'd never seen anything so magnificent — she could hardly keep her hands off it. But then the fellow had wanted to go the whole hog with her, so his friends could photograph the happy event! Mel had been praying Jed would let her, but apparently he'd got annoyed and called a halt. They'd argued on the way home, he'd stormed off, and Mel was feeling angry and excited and terribly fruity.

Quest: How did you react to all this?

Receptionist: At first I thought she was inventing it all to be outrageous, but then I realised she was too sloshed for that. I was laughing, because she made it sound hilarious. But I *was* quite shocked. I was squiffy, too, by now — practically flat out — so perhaps it didn't show. But I certainly didn't expect her to touch me.

Quest: Are you saying she made a sexual advance?

Receptionist: It wasn't like that. She was rubbing her head against my shoulder, saying things like, 'Oh Babs (name changed), why aren't you a bloke? I'm going mad for it.' Then she started talking about some posing she'd done for a girlfriend. They'd worked out all sorts of routines to turn the photographers on, and several times, she said, she'd got quite carried away. That's when she started stroking me.

Quest: How were you dressed?

Receptionist: My dressing gown over my briefs. She didn't grab me or anything, or I'd have just panicked, squiffy or not. She just started squirming up against me. She still managed to inch my dressing gown off my shoulders, though, then pushed her front against my boobs.

Quest: What was she wearing?

Receptionist: A thin, polo-neck top, quite tight. I don't think she was wearing a bra underneath; it didn't feel like it. It all happened very quickly, then she burst out laughing, and just flopped beside me. I wasn't shocked — I just thought it was a bit odd. I remember thinking it was time I got ready for bed — I didn't want to be shattered for Tom the next day. Then I must have dozed off, because the next thing I remember is waking and feeling strange, as if the most extra-ordinary things were happening to my body.

Quest: Pleasant things?

Receptionist: Yes, generally. Then I realised I

QUEST

felt really randy, which seemed stupid because I hadn't even been having a naughty dream. That's when I knew I was being touched. It was dark, and someone was lying tight up against me. One hand was on my breast, stroking it and squeezing it — my nipples really tingled. The person next to me was rocking backwards and forwards and I could feel something between my legs.

Quest: Who did you think it was?

Receptionist: I assumed it was Tom — he'd got back that night, after all — which made me feel marvellous. So I just lay back and luxuriated in it, and let my feelings get bigger and better.

Quest: You mean you allowed yourself to climax?

Receptionist: I could feel it beginning to happen — it felt like Tom's whole thigh jerking up and down against my pussy. I just wanted him in me, so I started mumbling, 'Come on, darling don't tease — do me properly — I want to feel you — don't let me come —' But the rubbing just got even wilder. And then it happened. It was Melanie, of course.

Quest: How did you react?

Receptionist: I couldn't understand what had happened. As far as I was concerned I'd been making love to Tom, and *he'd* made me come, so how could another woman make me feel like that? That was when the door bell rang,and it was Tom. His flight had been delayed — he hadn't been able to get a taxi — I didn't hear a word. I've never been so glad to see anyone before. I literally dragged him into the bedroom. He must have thought I'd been driven mad with lust waiting for him!

Quest: What were your feelings?

Receptionist: I just wanted to make things right as quickly as I could, to blot out what Melanie had done to me. Poor Tom! I was kissing him, pressing myself against him, squeezing and rubbing his fly, then unzipping him and trying to get him stiff in my hand — I even dropped on my knees and started sucking his poor, tired *thing*. Not that it was tired for long, thank goodness! Then I rolled back on the carpet, and literally pulled him into me, and he started rocking backwards and forward between my legs, where he ought to have been before.

Quest: Did you climax again?

Receptionist: I didn't need to. The sensation of him moving inside me, filling me, was just so incredible, and then seeing him twitch and know he was squirting into me — I felt so womanly, I can't describe it.

Quest: Did it overcome your shock from Melanie?

Receptionist: *Then,* it did. Later she was normal again, but I just didn't trust her any more even though I knew she wasn't a true lesbian — and neither am I. I'm over it now, thanks to Tom. He explained how your body can react without you wanting it too, especially if it's tricked. At least I can't be surprised that way again — I hope!

Quest: Thank you.

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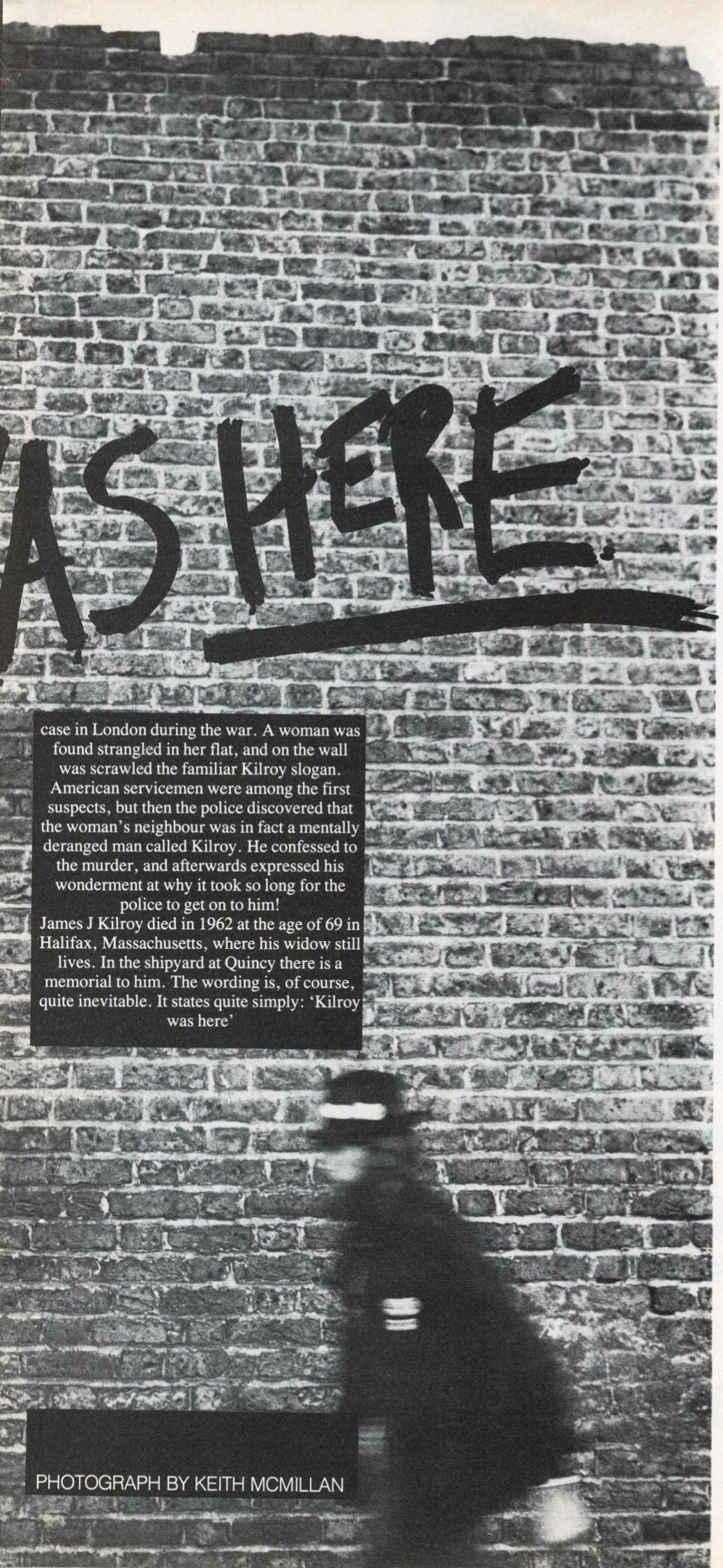

case in London during the war. A woman was found strangled in her flat, and on the wall was scrawled the familiar Kilroy slogan. American servicemen were among the first suspects, but then the police discovered that the woman's neighbour was in fact a mentally deranged man called Kilroy. He confessed to the murder, and afterwards expressed his wonderment at why it took so long for the police to get on to him!

James J Kilroy died in 1962 at the age of 69 in Halifax, Massachusetts, where his widow still lives. In the shipyard at Quincy there is a memorial to him. The wording is, of course, quite inevitable. It states quite simply: 'Kilroy was here'

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEITH MCMILLAN

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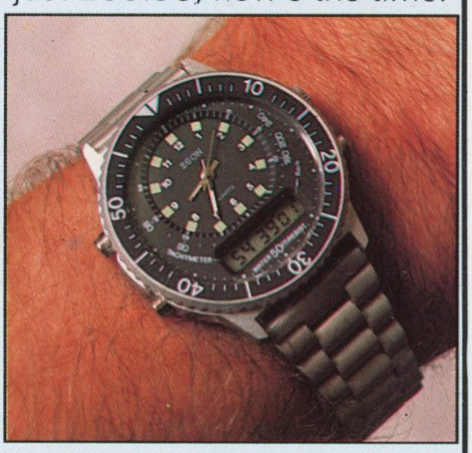

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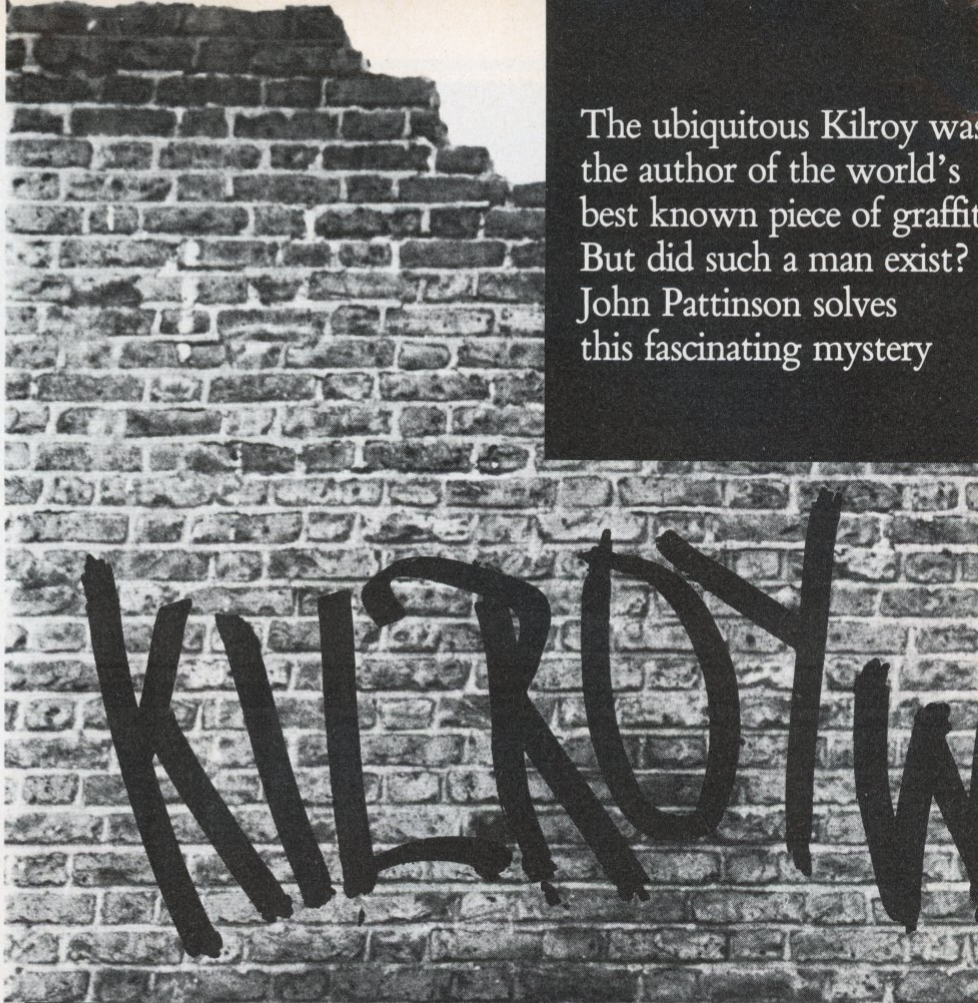

The ubiquitous Kilroy was the author of the world's best known piece of graffiti. But did such a man exist? John Pattinson solves this fascinating mystery

Anyone whose memory stretches back to the days of World War Two cannot fail to recall one of the most famous pieces of graffiti ever to adorn Britain's urban landscape: KILROY WAS HERE! It was everywhere: chalked on bomb sites, pencilled on posters, and inscribed with a wet finger on to the dirty boot lids of cars. If ever Kilroy existed, he must have been the most ubiquitous graffitist to draw breath.

But was there such a person?

Yes, there was. After the war, the Transit Company of America held a contest in which a prize was offered to anyone who could prove that he or she was the genuine Kilroy. Thousands of entries were received, and these were whittled down to a short list of 40. One by one, the claims were investigated, till in the end only one name remained: that of James J Kilroy of Halifax, Massachusetts.

Jim Kilroy worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy, Massachusetts, during World War Two. His job was to go round and check the number of holes a riveter had filled. Riveters were on piece work, and got paid so much for each rivet.

Kilroy once told an interviewer: 'After I had counted the rivets, I would put a check mark in chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice. But those riveters were sharp. They would wait until I went off duty, then they'd erase my check mark. Later on, another checker would come through, and he would count the rivets a second time. That way the riveters got paid twice for their work.

Well, one day my boss called me down to his office. He was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters. He said they were being pa too much for the amount of work they wer turning out, and asked me to do some investigating.

'I did, and it was then that I realised they we erasing my check marks. I was really burne up. At first, I considered carrying a paint ca and brush with me. I was going to paint a check mark on the finished work.

'But we were building ships, and I had to crawl into a lot of tight spaces to check out t riveting. Lugging a paint can and brush alo didn't seem such a bright idea.'

Kilroy decided he'd stay with chalk, but instead of merely writing his check mark, h added the words, 'Kilroy was here,' in big letters. 'After that,' he said, 'the riveters stopped wiping away the check marks.'

Ordinarily, the riveters and check marks would have been painted over, but during t war ships were leaving the Quincy shipyard soon after completion there wasn't time to paint them. The result was that they travell to ports in Europe and the South Pacific wi Kilroy's inscription still intact. Some of th vessels were troop ships, and of course thousands of servicemen saw the message. them, it was a breath of home.

The phrase caught on, and before long 'Kilroy' had been here, there, and everywhere. In foreign lands, the phrase became a sort of code. If two soldiers arranged to meet at a certain place, the first arrive would scrawl 'Kilroy was here' on wall, just in case he was recalled to duty before the assignation was made.

There was even a 'Kilroy was here' murde

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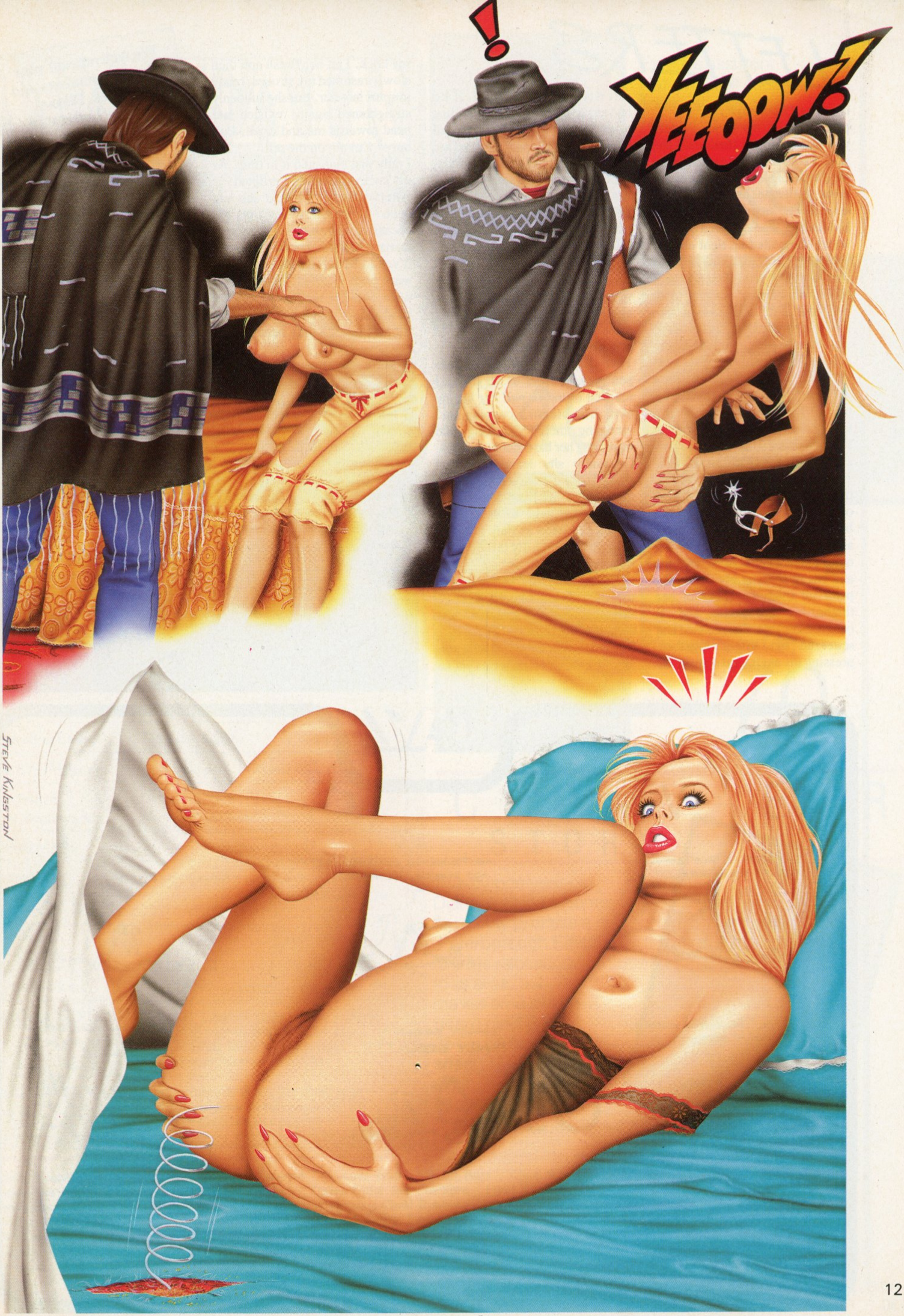
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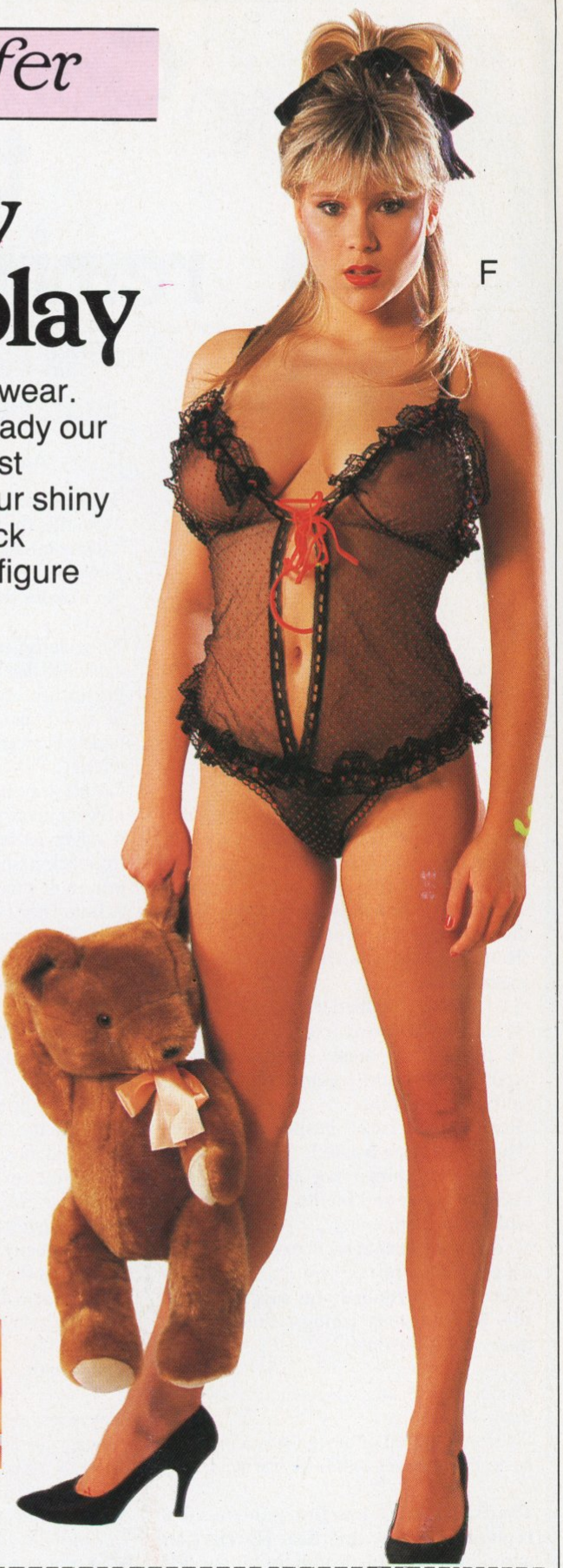

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